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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1915.

Summary of the News

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Mr. Asquith made his eagerly awaited statement on the war. It was less comprehensive perhaps than one could have wished, but more comprehensive than previous experience of official reticence had led us to expect. Concerning the Balkan situation, Mr. Asquith added only some details to what we learned last week from Lord Lansdowne's speech. Of most interest were his statements that the war would henceforth be conducted by a Cabinet committee of from three to five members, which would consult with the full Cabinet on matters of most serious import; that there would be coordination among the staffs of the Allied Powers, an earnest of which was afforded by Gen. Joffre's recent visit to London, and that in his (the Premier's) belief Lord Derby's new recruiting plan would prove successful; if it were not, however, he would submit proposals to the House "involving some form of legal obligation." Another item of information was that in the recent offensive in Flanders Sir John French had under his command nearly 300,000 soldiers. Concerning the future of the campaign in Gallipoli, for the inception of which the Premier took full responsibility, he could give no definte information. Mr. Asquith concluded with an expression of determination to stick to his post. Sir Edward Carson criticised the Balkan policy of the Cabinet without contributing materially to our knowledge of his reasons for his recent resignation.

From Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords on October 26 we learn that the British force originally landed at Salonica numbered about 13,000, and that was sent at the request of Servia and at the instance of M. Venizelos for the purpose of enabling Greece to fulfil her treaty obligations to Servia. Rumors of possible hostility on the part of the Greek Government to the Entente Powers were answered last week by Sir Edward Grey, who declared that Greece's espousal of the cause of the Central Powers was an impossibility, and by an explicit denial issued from the Greek Legation in London. M. Venizelos, according to an interview with him cabled to the Chicago *Tribune* on Tuesday, appears not to have abandoned the hope of bringing Greece into the war on the side of the Allies. His reason for not overthrowing the present Government, he is reported to have said, is that that would necessitate a general election, and to hold an election it would be necessary to demobilize.

Regarding Rumania, rumor, impressive by its very volume, is all of entry in the war on the side of the Allies. King Ferdinand was reported last week to have stated that he placed himself in the hands of Parliament and the Government. A dispatch from Bucharest to the *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, asserted that at a meeting of the Rumanian General Staff two-thirds of the generals expressed themselves as in favor of entering the war against the Central Powers. The same dispatch states that semi-official Rumanian newspapers deny a report that King Ferdinand had assured the Bulgarian Minister that Rumania would remain neutral unless her interests were affected. This may possibly refer to a report cabled from Madrid, under date of October 28, in which a similar assurance of continued neutrality was attributed to the Rumanian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Reports, still unconfirmed, came from German sources at the end of last week that Rumania had come to an agreement with the Allies to allow the passage of half a million Russian troops through her territory, receiving in return Bessarabia.

The position of the Servian army is, as we write, extremely precarious. In the northeast the Teutonic invaders on Wednesday of last week effected a junction with the Bulgarian forces. Veles, recovered by the Servians early last week, was again retaken by Bulgarian forces two days later, and the capture by the Austro-Germans of Kraguyevatz, the principal arsenal of Servia, against which the former Austrian invasion vainly dashed itself to pieces, was announced on Monday. Southwards from Uskub the Bulgarians are reported to have been checked by the French and British, who also threaten Strumitsa. The port of Varna on the Black Sea has been heavily bombarded by Russian warships. There were reports from German sources on Saturday of the sailing of Russian forces from Odessa on transports convoyed by a strong squadron, and a dispatch from Bucharest on Tuesday stated that rumors were current there that these troops had been landed at Varna. British transports were reported off Kavala on Tuesday.

Submarines of the various Powers have displayed considerable activity. On Wednesday of last week the British Press Bureau admitted the loss in the Ægean by a torpedo of the British transport Marquette. All but about ninety of the ship's company were saved. On the same day the sinking in the Sea of Marmora of a Turkish transport by a British submarine was reported. Dispatches to Sunday's papers stated that in the previous twelve days twenty German vessels had been torpedoed by British submarines in the Baltic. The capture of a German ship by a Russian submarine was announced from Petrograd on October 28. In the North Sea one British and two Norwegian vessels have been reported torpedoed during the past week.

Echoes of the submarine controversy with Germany, generally supposed to have been virtually settled by the disposition of the Arabic question, have been heard during the past week. A second instalment of the United States "White Book," giving the important diplomatic correspondence with belligerent Powers since the first instalment appeared last May, was published on October 28. The most interesting feature of this correspondence is that relating to Germany's admission of the legality of the American trade in munitions. On the following day was made public a memorandum from the German Government in regard to the attempt to torpedo the Cunard liner Orduna, which reveals the fact that as early as July 9, more than a month before the attack on the Arabic, German commanders had instructions not to sink large passenger steamers without warning. On October 30 announcement was made by the State Department that the naval experts who had examined the piece of metal picked up on the deck of the Allan liner Hesperian had found that it was a part of a torpedo.

Ambassador Page has been instructed to make inquiries of the British Government in regard to the seizure on Sunday by a British cruiser of the American steamer Hocking. This vessel belongs to the American Transatlantic Steamship Company and was transferred on August 10 from Danish to American registry.

Another arrest has been made in connection with the plot, supposed to be headed by a German called Fay, to blow up ships carrying ammunition to the Allies.

The American note in regard to British interference with neutral commerce was dispatched to London by special messenger on October 27.

Announcement was made on October 29 that Japan had given her adherence to the agreement among the Allies that none should conclude a separate peace without the sanction of all.

In Mexico Villa has been defeated at Agua Prieta, where he attacked the Carranzista garrison. Shells came over the border, wounding American citizens. Six thousand American troops have been concentrated on the border.

Representations were made on October 28 by the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires in Peking, on behalf of Japan, Great Britain, and Russia, advising the Chinese Government to suspend till the end of the war the contemplated change from a republican to a monarchical Constitution, in view of the danger that might arise to the peace of the Orient. The proposals were rejected by the Chinese Government on Monday, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs stating that he had been advised by provincial officials that they would be able to maintain order in the event of the proposed referendum resulting in a decision favorable to the restoration of a monarchy.

The French Cabinet of M. Viviani resigned on October 28. M. Viviani is succeeded by M. Briand, who, on the following day, was able to announce the formation of a strong coalition Ministry, representative of all parties and factions. M. Briand becomes his own Minister for Foreign Affairs, but included in the Cabinet is M. Jules Cambon, formerly Ambassador at Washington, Madrid, and Berlin, as General Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Gen. Gallieni succeeds M. Millerand as Minister of War, and M. Viviani becomes Minister of Justice. M. Briand's policy is announced to be the vigorous prosecution of the war until a "just peace" shall be obtained, and the new Ministry, although vigorously criticised by M. Clemenceau in an article summarized in the New York *Times* on Tuesday, appears to meet with general approval.

The Week

Election returns from various States have come in too late to permit of extended comment this week. One obvious moral is to be drawn from the result of the election in New York, where Tammany has triumphed, and that may be applied also to Philadelphia, where the Republican organization has swept the reform Administration of Mayor Blankenburg out of existence. It is of the shortness of voters' memories. A few years is sufficient time to bring forgetfulness of the evil that Tammany does. Tammany out of office has but the more leisure to organize for victory. The method of procedure is familiar. After a wave of civic righteousness has put in office a decent administration, Tammany comes forward, mealy-mouthed, with presentable candidates against whose personal character nothing can be said. The voters have forgotten experiences of the past, and the result is that Judge Swann, an estimable person, but the candidate of Tammany, is elected by a large plurality to the important office of District Attorney, and ex-Speaker Alfred E. Smith, also irreproachable of character, but again fettered to Tammany, becomes Sheriff by an even greater plurality. The Board of Aldermen is also brought under the control of Murphy, and that worthy will have the designation of Mr. McAneny's successor as President of the Board.

For the defeat of the proposed new Constitution by an overwhelming majority of some 375,000 Tammany only shares the responsibility. The opposition to this measure, to which men of high integrity and intelligence had devoted months of earnest endeavor, was so widespread as to make the result almost a foregone conclusion. The objection of counties up-State to share with New York city an equitable burden of taxation, the opposition of Socialists and organizations of labor, the consternation of the noble army of martyrs who were threatened with displacement from the 135 boards and departments which the new Constitution would have abolished—these forces were almost sufficient, without the eleventh-hour fiat of Murphy, to defeat what was on the whole a wise and statesmanlike measure of reform. As for the issue of woman suffrage, the voting in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, in which States the amendment was defeated by a plurality estimated, as we write, at, respectively, 200,000, 125,000, and 120,000, leaves no doubt as to the present attitude towards this question in the more conservative States of the East. In Ohio prohibition was defeated by the substantial (estimated) majority of 70,000. The "drys" will take what comfort they may from the fact that this plurality is some 14,000 less than that of last year, but after that decisive defeat it is probable that the result indicates only less determined effort on the part of the anti-prohibitionists. On the basis of the returns available, it would not appear that the Republican gains in Massachusetts and other States are greater than was to be expected in an off-year or than can be accounted for by the inevitable phenomenon of the pendulum.

The apparently official plea of justification for Germany's Zeppelin policy, contained in a note appearing in all the Berlin newspapers, places Zeppelin and submarine on the same plane as primarily instruments of retaliation. The starvation of the German people once more comes to the front. When the Berlin War Office reports an airship raid it carefully speaks of bombs being dropped on the fortified city of London or on docks and arsenals, describing it, in other words, as a military undertaking. But in the note of justification the military phase of the Zeppelin activity is plainly subordinated to the retaliatory phase. The Zeppelin note shows firmer logical consistency than the familiar argument for the submarine, which almost in the same breath justified activity of U-boats because England was trying to starve Germany, and asserted that Germany had all the food she wanted. Today there is the admission that "not hundreds of thousands but millions of human beings in Germany must limit their consumption of food and make not inconsiderable sacrifices" because of the British blockade. The note thus admits a state of things which was implied in the recent action of the central authorities at Berlin in taking over the control of the food supply of the Empire, and in what has filtered out through the newspapers regarding food riots in German cities.

As is well known, Germany has at no time officially contended that the shipment of munitions of war from this country to the Allies was violative of our duties as a neutral. But it is interesting to note that, in an elaborate memorandum from the German Government, included in the "White Book" just issued at Washington, the admission that these shipments are permissible is not only made with great distinctness, but occurs in connection with a reference to the great scale on which our exports of munitions are being made. The point is mentioned in connection with a protest against our hindering the sending of supplies of German warships. The memorandum says:

> Our enemies draw from the United States contraband of war, especially arms, worth several billions of marks. This in itself they are authorized to do, but if the United States would prevent our warships occasionally drawing supplies from its ports a great injustice grows out of the authorization, for it would amount to an unneutral treatment of the belligerents and constitute a breach of the generally accepted rules of neutrality to Germany's detriment.

To this protest, our Secretary of State replied that what our Government regarded as use of neutral territory as a base for naval operations by a belligerent was "repeated departure from such territory of merchant vessels laden with fuel or other supplies for belligerent warships at sea"; and this alone is what has been guarded against. But the completeness with which the German admission is made in regard to export of munitions is striking, and well worth bearing in memory.

Gen. Joffre's visit to London has given rise in the Liberal press to very definite predictions regarding the reorganization of the British General Staff, with the possibility of an international staff for bringing the operations of the Allies into perfect accord. Before the war the German military writers, in discussing the probability of a general alliance against the Central Powers, laid stress on the disadvantage of divided councils from which Germany's opponents were bound to suffer. This is a handicap which every league of nations must reckon with. For that matter, the Teutonic alliance had the same problem to deal with during the first nine months of the war, and solved it by the drastic method of placing the Austrian armies virtually under German orders. It is a German general who is now leading the Teutonic armies hundreds of miles from the German frontier and seeks of the Danube against an enemy that is peculiarly Austria's enemy. No such arrangement is, on the face of it, possible among the Allies. Geography forbids it in the case of Russia and the Western Powers. As between England and France on the one hand and Italy on the other, Italy may hold that there is no desperate need to just

her in sacrificing national pride and taking orders from the outside. On the other hand, as between the English and French, such an arrangement is possible; and months ago English newspapers were of the opinion that when the army had been brought up to its full strength and was ready for sustained operations, there ought to be only one commander-in-chief in the west, and he Joffre.

It may not be altogether an accident that it should be the Liberal *Daily News* and *Chronicle* that speak of the reorganization of the war staff and a possible union of leadership with the French. Such an arrangement might be taken as a reflection upon the British commander-in-chief, Sir John French, but not upon Kitchener. It is pretty well understood that Kitchener has concerned himself less with strategy than with home organization—enlistment, training, supply. Northcliffe's famous campaign against Kitchener was conducted on the issue of munitions. Sir John French could not win battles because Kitchener had failed as an organizer. Now comes something of a counter-offensive by the Liberal newspapers to the *Daily Mail's* drive against Kitchener. The deficiency in munitions has been rectified, and it is for Sir John French as actual leader in the field to show cause why his operations should not be put under the supreme direction of the more highly trained staffs and leaders of the French army.

French protests against the French censorship as an infringement of the liberties of the press are but an echo of similar complaints from Great Britain. There, however, the encroachments upon the liberties of the citizens have gone much further. Thus the military authorities have called upon the officials of the Manchester branch of the No-Conscription Fellowship to desist from holding *private* meetings of its members, on the ground that such meetings were "antagonistic to the national spirit." It was carefully explained that the Fellowship was not organized to convert others to its views; that its members were expressly forbidden to proselyte, and that the meetings, restricted to members only, were held in private dwellings. But this did not help the situation. "Competent Military Authority" did not like such meetings, and ordered them stopped. Thereupon officials of the branch met, decided that they were violating no known law, and voted to continue as before. What the outcome will be, no one knows, but that there should be such a happening in England, in which every man's home has been considered his castle, in the absence of martial law, shows pretty clearly the drift of any form of acute militarism. As for the French censorship, the Paris *Temps* declares that it now "attributes to itself the rights and prerogatives of a King," and that the censor has now been "placed above the law."

Announcement by Mr. Tumulty that the President is keeping an open mind on the whole question of "dumping" after the war, and has committed himself to no plan of preventing it, is taken by some as a pretty severe reflection upon Secretary Redfield. That gentleman is prolific in universal solvents, and appears to have incautiously confided one of them to the Washington correspondents, who proceeded to put it forth as if it had the name of the Administration blown in the glass. It is reassuring to learn that President Wilson is going to take no nostrum on sight. As for the effect of the implied rebuke upon the Secretary of Commerce, that is his own affair. There are reports that he takes the matter much to heart, and thinks of resigning. That is scarcely to be credited. Still, as regards some members of the Cabinet, it might not be a bad thing if Mr. Wilson would do what Mr. Asquith was said virtually to have done a couple of weeks ago—that is, post a notice reading: "All resignations thankfully received."

Dickens remarked that America protected her citizens in foreign lands, but that the same citizens showed anything but equivalent zeal in protecting the good name of their mother country abroad. Yet Dickens could point to no such alliance of ingratitude and want of patriotism as is exhibited in the failure of the travellers whom the Treasury rescued from Europe last year to repay the loans made them. Two thousand of these Giles Overreaches are included in a preliminary list, with more to follow. It is possible that carelessness or an inept failure to comprehend that payment should be immediate palliates the fault of some. Others may have suffered a considerable financial loss, and have regarded the advance as a sort of generous indemnity. But the fact remains that a large number gave fictitious addresses or fictitious names in asking for funds, with the plain design of "beating" the Government. The impulse behind this is much the impulse that prompts spectators at a fire or like excitement to appropriate loose valuables; it may interest the psychologist, but it must be a shock to those who think that the scenes of devotion witnessed in Europe, and the Government's response to its obligations, might have made even adventurers responsible for their debts.

The price paid by England for the recent gains in Flanders is indicated in the latest casualty lists. Since the beginning of the war the losses have been 493,294, of whom the killed were 101,652, or very nearly true to the constant ratio of 1 to 4. But whereas the average daily loss since the beginning of the war would thus be about 1,150, the casualties between August 21 and October 9 average 2,271, or almost double. The losses would naturally increase with the lengthening of the British line and the spread of the war to new theatres. Significant is the number of missing or prisoners, which is given at 21,193. This is only a few thousands more than the corresponding figures of nearly a year ago. The great majority of English prisoners were made in the first bag around Mons and the pursuit to the Marne. Since then the English apparently yield very few prisoners. The drain upon the nation may be compared with German losses. Up to July 11 the Prussian lists total one and a half million men. The latest lists, presumably reaching to the middle of October at the latest, show 2,026,000 men. In the course of less than a hundred days the Prussian losses were 526,000, or more than England's total casualties for the whole war. If to the Prussian casualties we add 30 per cent. for the South Germans, the average daily loss for the German Empire since midsummer has been about 7,000 men.

A most interesting decision was that rendered by the United States Supreme Court on Monday of last week in the case of eighteen immigrants who, having arrived at New York in good health and with funds amply sufficient to take them to their destination—Portland, Oregon—were denied the right to proceed on the ground that they were "likely to become a public charge." This ruling of the examining board was based on the fact that labor conditions at Portland were reported to be bad; so that, in the judgment of the board, the immigrants were unlikely to find employment, and therefore were likely to become a public charge. The decision of the Supreme Court is, of course, based on the view that the excluding phrase in the law was meant to define a class of persons and not to place upon the immigration officials either the duty or the power of judging of the actual prospects of

success or failure of any individual immigrant in his undertaking. It is clear that the opposite view, if logically applied, would give to the administrative officers almost unlimited powers of exclusion. The exclusion of the classes covered by the law is designed to prevent not only immediate but future risk of the new arrival becoming a public charge; accordingly, if the law is to be so interpreted as to cover not only intrinsic deficiencies on the part of the immigrant, but failure of the expectation of employment on account of economic conditions, hard times that are believed to be impending would be almost as valid a reason for rejection as hard times actually here. But the most important reason, from the human standpoint, for the rule embodied in the Supreme Court's decision is that the cruel hardship of deportation ought not to be imposed for a cause of which it is evidently absurd to assume that the intending immigrant should have had knowledge.

All who are interested in the fair treatment of the alien will regard the Supreme Court's decision on the Arizona alien-labor law as a hopeful omen of the fate of a whole class of discriminatory legislation. It is based upon grounds so broad that there is at once apparent an increased possibility that New York's Employment law, already before the Supreme Court, will similarly be adjudged unconstitutional. The Arizona law applies to all employees of labor, that of New York State only to public works. What difference, if any, this may make in the Supreme Court's view remains to be seen. But New York does not stand alone. Seven States expressly prohibit the employment of immigrants upon public works—Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Arizona, Wyoming, and Idaho—and California has a law only slightly less sweeping. Many municipalities supplement these laws by discriminatory regulations of their own, and any declaration against the constitutionality of the State enactments would operate to repress a mass of such local legislation. The law of California restricting the rights of aliens ineligible to citizenship to lease or purchase agricultural lands is also of doubtful constitutionality. Here it may be contended that there is a difference between aliens eligible and those ineligible to naturalization, but the contention would hardly hold water; and it seems a reasonable position that there is as great a denial of "the ordinary means of earning a livelihood," to use Justice Hughes's words, in restrictions upon the right to till the land as upon the right to perform other manual labor.

What are you to do with a people that is determined not to rule? This is the solemn issue confronting Gov. Johnson in the otherwise Golden State. All that was necessary to complete popular rule in California, as he has been explaining, was to adopt the amendment making all State offices nonpartisan. Yet the people did not even take the trouble to vote upon the proposal, most of them, and the majority of those who did voted against it. By so doing they created a pretty puzzle for the Legislature or the courts or somebody, since they had registered under a non-partisan registration act and must now continue to vote in primaries as partisans. Under the circumstances, we do not see much hope in Gov. Johnson's brave declaration that the non-partisan amendment "is as certain to be adopted as that the people themselves will rule." With the non-partisan amendment went ten others, one or two of which deserved a better fate. The one extending the term of Superior Judges from six to twelve years was handicapped—it is to be hoped that even in the farthest western State the provision was a handicap—by a section bringing these judges under the menace of the recall. But against the amendment conferring upon the State, a county, or a municipality the power of excess condemnation, the arguments were fantastic.

Prof. Paul Sabatier, well known as the biographer of St. Francis, has recently published in Paris three letters of his to the Italian president of the International Society of Franciscan Studies. This Society, by the way, was founded in Assisi by Sabatier himself, a dozen years ago. In the letters referred to he gives his ideas about the war, and about the only way in which peace can be made. He neatly appeals to the example of St. Francis himself, who "did not implore the people of Perugia to make war no longer on the people of Assisi. He began by taking part in the fighting; and, later, warned them that their offences against justice would not go unavenged." Turning to the war of to-day, Professor Sabatier declares that the nature of the struggle forced upon the Allies makes it in reality "a great moral effort." For they are fighting to withstand mere brute force, and defend right, justice, and liberty. It is the clash of two orders of ideas which has turned Europe into a battlefield. And it is, affirms Sabatier, to the breaking down of the false idea after the war, as well as to the defeat of those who uphold it in arms, that the Allies must address themselves. We cite a few of his suggestive words:

To overcome our enemies on the field of battle, to reduce them to pleading for mercy is not the only task that is imposed upon us. When that has been crowned with success another, no less necessary and no less difficult, will present itself; and for this we must make provision at once. I speak of the war that will develop in our several countries and in our own hearts against German methods and ideas. Neither churchmen nor scientists among our enemies have realized to what moral and political monstrousness a false conception of the love of country was leading them. It has taken only a few generations for the voices of art, of religion, and of science to teach that, to distort the ideas and deform the heart of that country, and to make it not only a veritable danger to its neighbors in Europe, but a moral peril for civilization as a whole.

Among the subject populations of Europe in whom the war has stirred old national ambitions are the Ukrainian people, whose representatives met in congress on Saturday at Cooper Union. The name is unfamiliar. They are better known as Little Russians, the name they bear in the Czar's empire, and as Ruthenians in Galicia. Of a total estimated population of 30,000,000, about four millions are under Hapsburg rule. The rest form a solid ethnic block in southwestern Russia, stretching from the River Bug to the shores of the Black Sea and across the Dnieper River to the region of the Don. The heaviest concentration is in the four Russian provinces of Kiev, Tchernigov, Poltava, and Kharkov, but they are present in large numbers further to the west in the provinces of Volhynia, Lublin, Siedlce, and Grodno, and so have felt the pressure of the present Teutonic invasion. This is the famous Black Earth of Russia, noted for its fertility. After the Great Russians, or Muscovites, the Little Russians constitute by far the most important numerical element among the races of the Russian Empire. To Russian literature they have given one of its greatest names, Gogol, the father of the Russian novel, probably its greatest satirist in that extraordinary book, "Dead Souls," and certainly its greatest humorist in the "Revisor" or "Inspector," one of the finest comedies of all time. The melodies in minor key which we take as characteristic of Russian music are predominantly Little Russian. Upon this people the centralizing policies of the Russian autocracy have weighed down as upon other subject races. Their national aspirations have now asserted themselves.

THE PRESS AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

As pretty a bit of evidence of the way a crooked railway used a crooked Boss to control legislation in a crooked State as any one could desire was brought out in the suit against the New Haven Railroad directors on Thursday of last week. It was the testimony as to the relationship between the previous management of the company and the blind Boss of Rhode Island, Charles R. Brayton. A letter showing that a check for $10,000 was paid to the Boss, as his compensation for "assisting in legislative matters," was excluded from the evidence, but will hereafter be a convincing part of the indictment against the man before whom Rhode Island for years bowed down. That little State this rascal held for years in the hollow of his hand, putting it up for sale to the corporations as he saw fit, and no efforts availed to shake his grip upon it. The capitalistic interests upheld him, even as they paid blackmail to him, and men in all walks of life cringed to him because of his power to injure them if they should dare to protest against the mischief which he wrought.

Why was it that he held his sway undisturbed until his death? Possibly because of the lack of just such a specific bit of proof as has now come to the surface. It is true that he did not deny that he was a paid lobbyist. As far back as 1903, he frankly said: "I am attorney for certain clients, and look out for their interests before the Legislature." He admitted, too, that he was retained by the New Haven. But never until last week had we so complete a picture of his underhand activities. Here was the railway actually berating the Boss because the Legislature had granted a charter for a trolley line from Pawtucket to Attleboro with privileges for express matter: "Please do not let any more of that kind go through, and if possible would like to get that express clause struck out, whether by general law or in some other way, as it seriously interferes with our revenue from the Adams Express Company." When a freight road was proposed, the New Haven wrote: "We want this scheme blocked and killed. . . . Please kill this matter in some way." The Boss, needless to say, earned his fee, but the New Haven was too stupid, apparently, to suspect that he might have been accepting fees from the other side, or originating the very legislation it sought to oppose. Surely, such detailed revelations would have shaken the Boss, could they have been made when one of the occasional reform movements was under way in Rhode Island, such as that under the late Bishop William N. McVickar, in 1903.

This whole incident well illustrates the difficulty which confronts the reformer in and out of the press. Constantly people speak of a well-known abuse and denounce the newspapers as in league with the corruptionists, because they do not "let the daylight in." "Everybody knows that it is so and, of course, the newspapers could take the lid right off if they wished to"—so runs the complaint; and thereupon another indictment against the press is framed. The newspapers can find out everything if they want to; they have expert reporters, and they have the means to hire detectives if they choose. If they do not uncover all the crookedness in the body politic, it is their own fault and no one else's. Surely, they must be in league with the evildoers? But this Brayton case shows the difficulties in the way. It was current knowledge that Brayton was becoming rich by his sale of the Legislature, and yet the facts to establish so grave a charge, in a way to put him out of business, were never before available. He was ready to boast that he was a lobbyist, but to have proved such activities to the satisfaction of a judge and jury would have taken ever so much more than mere hearsay or gossip. Even the strongest kind of moral conviction as to the existence of wrongdoing does not by itself send any one to jail.

The plight of the newspaper which desires to bring evildoers to book is also clearly illustrated by the Allds case. For decades every intelligent man had been certain that legislation was bought and sold at Albany, and with the utmost brazenness. Political campaigners spoke of it as a matter of course; the "Black Horse Cavalry" figured in every news story that came out of Albany in connection with the Legislature. But not until the charges made by Conger became public to illumine as by a flashlight the disgraceful debauching of the Legislature was it possible to focus public indignation and to compel the Legislature to drive this particular bribe-giver and the bribe-taker out of public life, and generally to improve conditions at the Capitol. Yet the unthinking would say that the press should have been able to accomplish this years before. They do not realize, of course, the hampering effects of the libel law which makes it impossible for a journal to circulate a specific charge of this kind until its attorneys are satisfied that it has sufficient corroborative evidence to convince both judge and jury.

At the same time that one hears this complaint of the press because it does not bring evildoers to book often enough, the welkin also rings with criticisms of the wild and reckless charges and insinuations made by newspapers against great and good men who are giving their lives to the public service or to the development of its public service corporations. Who does not recall the impassioned defence of Mellen's management of the New Haven Railroad by so good a man as Major Henry L. Higginson? He, being ignorant, of course, of the sordid doings that have now come to light, flamed out against those who would muckrake a venerable institution which was the vital artery of New England. Others, too, felt aggrieved that this irresponsible abuse of a great railway should go on unchecked when there were no specific facts as to wrongdoing available anywhere. Well, the specific facts became available quickly enough, and then all the talk about the irresponsible clamor of the press faded away, and the old management was removed to make room for a new and honorable one. Perhaps, as a result, a few more people realized that so long as the press is merely morally convinced that there is wrongdoing at a given place, it can indulge only in generalities. Some day the public may understand how eager the press is to use such specific proof of corruption as came out last week in the New Haven case.

POST-BELLUM DUMPING.

Washington dispatches have been for some time reporting that the Administration is considering what to do to prevent the "dumping" of cheap foreign goods on our shores after the war is over. At length the accounts are more precise. Secretary Redfield and Chairman Davies, of the Federal Trade Commission, are said to have worked out a plan which has the approval of the President and is to be submitted to Congress. As outlined, it rejects the proposal to erect new tariff barriers, and seeks to bring into play existing provisions of law respecting "unfair competition," "exclusive" selling, and trade arrangements designed to obtain a monopoly of any branch of commerce. We shall have to wait for the actual details of such a measure before forming an opinion of its justice or practical working. But are there not preliminary questions that ought to be answered? Should not the Gov-

ernment and American business men seek to ascertain just how much post-bellum dumping will be possible or attempted?

In certain lines of specialized manufacture and export, it is reasonable to expect that the coming of peace will be like the breaking of a dam to release stored articles. German dyestuffs and chemical goods are familiar examples. We suppose it not doubtful that large amounts of such products will be ready to ship the moment the war ends. It is possible that some other foreign industries are similarly waiting to get back their former market in this country, or to enlarge it. And whether any special steps ought to be taken by our Government to prevent or lessen the incidental evils which might follow such dumping is, we admit, a matter seriously to be studied. This would be particularly the case with any American manufactures which have been established to meet the scarcity caused by the war, and which may require more time to get squarely on their own feet.

Aside from these exceptional instances, however, it seems to us that an unnecessary amount of horrible imagining is being done on this subject. It is well to stop and coolly ask what is likely to be the effect of the war upon manufactures and the export trade of our chief European competitors. When peace is made, will they quickly be in a position to set all their tall chimneys smoking, their machines whirring, and at once raise all their industries to the highest pitch of efficiency? It must be doubted. The immense dislocations caused by the war cannot be repaired in a day. To shift factories back from the making of shells and explosives to the manufacture of motors and agricultural chemicals, will require time. Then there will be the whole question of supply of labor. With hundreds of thousands of skilled artisans lying in their graves, or disabled for life, this will be a serious matter for employers. Their first thoughts will be of restoring their equipment and working slowly back to their former level of production, instead of outstripping immediately the home consumption and rushing their goods abroad.

Suppose all these difficulties surmounted, and the productive capacity of England and France and Germany put back to what it was before the war, it still would be under a new and severe handicap. The point is raised by a letter. It relates to the enormous load of debt under which the war-smitten countries will have to stagger for the next few years. What will this mean as affecting the competing ability of manufacturers and exporters in those lands? It is plain, for one thing, that new and onerous taxes will have to be laid. For England it has been estimated that, if the war went on a year and a half more, the charges for interest on the new debt piled up would be nearly as large as the entire peace budget. A similar calculation for Germany has been bitterly made by *Vorwärts*, speaking for the Social-Democratic party. There may well be some exaggeration in these forecasts. Certain adjustments of debt may be made to ease off somewhat the immediate strain. But it will be very great, in any case. If taxation was high before—and it was much higher in all the countries named than in the United States—it will be pushed up several notches higher. And its general effect must certainly be to raise the cost of production. The new taxes will be diffused through all classes of society. They will impel the capitalist to ask higher interest, the workingman to demand higher wages. Prices will tend to be marked up in order that, out of the resultant profits, the higher taxes may be paid. Let no one imagine that the workmen in any of the belligerent countries are going easily to surrender the higher wages that they have been getting in war time. Whatever else may happen after the fighting is over, close observers agree that there will be a great assertion of the rights and demands of the laboring classes. There will not be a docile and unlimited supply of "pauper" labor. The cost of production will almost infallibly rise abroad. If it does, the peril of dumping may never be so acute as some Americans fear.

The whole question is confessedly speculative. But if we cannot be sure of the outcome, one way or the other, this fact ought to be an argument against hastily conceived legislation that may be both needless and mischievous.

SOULS IN THE TRENCHES.

And the way it keeps on—the killing. Over a year now. When will it end? It gets worse. The whole world is catching fire. The Balkans, too, now—Bulgaria and Greece. I tell you, people won't stand it much longer. All these men being killed—fine young men. If there has to be murder like that, why don't they send women to be killed? Why just young men? . . .

Everybody is discouraged. Men of peaceful nature are crushed. The passionate desire for peace amounting to physical pain. Always the same longing for peace, and before my eyes the spectre of the French front close at hand with the horrors of its artillery fire. . . .

We need not insist that all German mothers suffer like this one mother in a little town of the Harz, though probably the vast majority do. The Latin professor, now a private in the Landsturm, who sets down his doubts and weariness and longing for peace is probably not typical, in his high-strung nerves, of the great mass of Germany's peasant and artisan soldiers. Certainly we cannot believe that this state of weariness and longing is true only of Germany. Mothers in France, Russia, England, and Servia are passing through the same agony; and the finer natures on every battle-line are breaking under the prolonged process of apparently futile slaughter. What we must perceive, however, is that a new meaning must now be read into von Hindenburg's famous phrase of a year ago that this war will be a test of nerves, and that the stronger German nerves will win. Von Hindenburg was thinking of the nervous system of commanding generals and officers, of the Will to Conquer which persists in the face of delay and defeat, and which shrinks from no price for victory. To-day it is not a question of the nerves of the general staff and the corps commanders, but of the psychology of entire nations, of the capacity of whole peoples to go without enough food, of mothers to continue sending their sons to sacrifice, of the men themselves to lie for months in the trenches without asking why and how and when.

But if the war is more than ever a test of spiritual endurance, we cannot help asking ourselves on which side of the battle line the moral exhaustion making itself felt most strongly. Are Germans or Allies the more intensely weary of the slaughter? The question is not one merely of speculative psychology. It has a real bearing on the factor to which Germany has been looking for victory, the exhaustion of any one of her opponents, a break in the ranks of the Allies, a separate peace. The arguments in favor of Germany are familiar. The German people have the stimulus of fairly continuous victory on land. The German armies are fighting on foreign soil. Except for portions of East Prussia and a thin strip in Alsace, the German people have been spared the calamities of war and invasion. The German mother, whose pathetic outcry against the horror of it all we have quoted, goes on to speak of how things are worse for the French. If it is a question of discouragement and crying quits, it would seem that the break must come in France, with millions of her people ruined and her economic life crippled, or in Ba

ria, with 100,000 square miles of her territory in the enemy's hands. From the very first months of the war this factor of fighting on the enemy's soil has been put forth for the encouragement of the German people. The Kaiser's armies have battled on the Meuse and the Aisne, on the Vistula and the Dvina. They are now beyond the Danube, they are pressing forward to Constantinople, they may yet be fighting on the Nile and the Euphrates.

There is another side to the picture. Precisely because the German armies are pushing out far beyond the national frontier, the mothers of Germany must be asking themselves why, and how long. The War Office may speak proudly of the nation's banner floating on the Morawa and the Nile. The Imperialist imagination may take fire at the thought of the Euphrates and the Ganges. But the peasant mother in the Harz Mountains, the workingman's wife in Berlin—what to her are Gallipoli, Suez, India? At the beginning she may have found it more difficult than von Hindenburg to understand that the only defensive for the Fatherland was a strong offensive; yet she may have learned in time. But her imagination cannot carry her along on a defensive of the Fatherland which is conducted in the Lithuanian marshes, in the Balkan mountains, in the Arabian deserts. Where will it end? All that the mothers in the Harz and in Berlin feel is that their sons have died in Belgium, they have died in France and Russia, they are now dying in Servia, they will be dying in Egypt and around Bagdad, if all goes well. As the German armies push victoriously south and east, the German General Staff cannot content itself with citing victories. It is under the growing necessity of explaining the casualty lists.

To the mothers of the invaded lands, in Belgium, France, Russia, and Servia, the agonizing doubt cannot present itself in such form. Because the native land is invaded, because the enemy is at the door, the necessity of sacrifice presents itself as immediate. It must be the same with the men in the trenches. We call up a picture of four hundred miles of ditchwork from the North Sea to the Swiss borders, two million Germans facing two and a half million Frenchmen, and we ask ourselves whether it is in the German burrows or in the French rabbit warrens that the greater weariness of war prevails. Berlin asserts that it is the enemy who is weakening. The German troops are dug in on the enemy's soil, they can play the waiting game best. But from what we know of the nature of men, spiritual forces must be working the other way. The French soldier is planted in his own soil, he is guarding his home. He may be weary, but he can have no doubts as to the bitter need of it all. To the German invader, the need is more remote. Fighting on the enemy's soil is a stimulus when the battle moves forward swiftly, when victory is in sight. But to be stuck in a ditch on foreign soil, with no end in sight? It does not need men of special susceptibilities to feel the demoralization of doubt under such conditions. To the simplest mind, after more than a year of deadlock, the question must occur, What am I doing here? For the invaded nations there is the spur of necessity. For the invader there is the natural human revolt against a tedium of slaughter and suffering without the solace of victory.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

The interview with Count Tisza of Hungary, which Karl H. von Wiegand obtained for the New York *World*, is more notable indirectly than for what it immediately contains. In what the Hungarian Premier said, there was nothing new. He held the familiar tone about Austria and Germany having been wickedly attacked, about their war being purely defensive, and about peace coming as soon as the Allies realized their defeat and gave the Central Powers guarantees of "security" for the future. In asserting that during the whole term of the Triple Alliance, neither Germany nor Austria had sought an "opening" for a world-war, Count Tisza must have forgotten the cool proposal of the Austrian Government to Italy that Servia be attacked. This was a year before the assassination at Sarajevo, which finally served as a pretext. The fact was not known until it was revealed by the Italian Government. But in all this there is no novelty. It seems hardly worth the journey to Budapest to get only such information as Mr. von Wiegand reports.

In the very act of seeking Austro-Hungarian opinion, however, there is something like a curiosity. Vienna has, since the war began, been steadily in the shadow of Berlin. For diplomatic views or news of importance, correspondents have not thought it necessary to go further than the capital of Germany. And this has been only one indication among many that Austria has been playing second fiddle during the war. Indeed, this has been so markedly the case as to cause disquietude to Austrians themselves. They are troubled not only by their present diplomatic and military subordination to Germany, but by what the future may hold in store. In case the Central Powers win the war, the Germans will inevitably lay claim to the hegemony. With whatever politely disguised phrases, they will let it be known that, in the great readjustment of Southern Europe, Austrian ambitions must be kept strictly subordinate to German. In matters relating to both the distribution of territory and the making ready of an army to defend the new-won acquisitions, Berlin would be certain to dictate to Vienna. This is a reflection which can scarcely be pleasing to Austrian pride. But all this is merely to anticipate future events which may never occur.

Yet actual events within the past few months are sufficient to show that Germany has been the predominant partner in the alliance with Austria. To realize this, one has but to turn over the "Diplomatic Documents" recently published by the Austrian Government affecting its relations with Italy. They cover the whole negotiation with the Italian Government, after the outbreak of the war, in the endeavor to obtain Italy's neutrality, when it early became evident that her active support as a member of the Triple Alliance was not to be had. The correspondence was ostensibly between the Foreign Offices in Vienna and in Rome; yet Berlin was all the time standing close by, and again virtually overruled Vienna and compelled the Austrian Government to offer the Italians better terms. The entire exchange of dispatches is one long record of Austria's receding from position after position, and agreeing finally to do what at first she said was out of the question—each time under a concealed pressure from Germany that amounted to compulsion.

One point in the correspondence is worth remark. Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, consistently represented to Italy that the ultimatum to Servia, which precipitated the war, was Austria's own affair. The Italians complained that they had not been notified in advance, as they should have been by the terms of the Triple Alliance. But Count Berchtold assured them that not even Germany had been notified. And we have in the correspondence repetition, in another form, of the denial of the German Foreign Minister, von Jagow, that he was aware of the nature of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. This, it is clear, must be merely a formal and technical denial.

The German authorities must have known. In fact, it was inadvertently admitted by Count Berchtold that they did know. For in a telegram under date of August 12, 1914, after saying that "it had always been our intention to settle the difference with Servia by ourselves," he added: "We had, it is true, *received the assurance from Germany that she would stand by our side* if Russia should intervene." There never was real doubt of this. Without this advance assurance from Germany, the Austrian Government could not have ventured, as it did through Count Berchtold, to challenge Russia to "the great reckoning" with the Central Powers. All this speaks of carefully prepared plans, to which Germany was privy, if she did not take the lead in devising them

Whatever other result may follow the war, it is impossible that there will be any real aggrandizement of Austria. In case even of victory, she would reap the harvest that she has sown; for while the German Government might assign Austria new territories, it would see to it that they and the Austrian army and Austrian diplomacy were kept severely under German tutelage.

REVIVING OLD POLITICAL TEACHERS.

The attempt of the *Forum* to revive interest in the governmental teachings of Herbert Spencer is a bold one. For many years Spencer's vogue has been declining. He has been attacked on one side by the philosopher and on the other by the scientist. There are frequent laments over current ignorance of foregoing political thinkers, Burke and Mill, Webster and Lieber. Yet Spencer illustrates the palliation for such neglect—the fact that changing conditions seem to rob the writings of such men of instant application. Spencer's political individualism was once a powerful force, but it has been largely overthrown by the growing power of the state. The *Forum*, in reprinting Spencer's essays with comment by men like Root, Lodge, Charles W. Eliot, and ex-President Taft, perforce adopts almost an apologetic note.

Yet Spencer is also an illustration of the applicable truths to be discovered by those who turn to the governmental classics, and of the antidotes given by their doctrine for extreme or half-baked tendencies. A time in which state Socialism has gone so fast, and in which the war is hurrying it faster still, is certainly a good time to turn back occasionally to the older authorities. Complaints against over-administration like "The Coming Slavery," against rash governmental interference like "The New Toryism," definitions of the point at which governmental activity ceases to stimulate and begins to impede like the "Essay on Liberty," may well have a modern application. Spencer himself modified his early antagonism to state poor relief, education, colonization, care of the public health, and even industrial regulation. But he never surrendered two positions: that the essential test for all laws limiting the freedom of the individual is whether those laws are necessary to maintain the equal freedom of others; and that society must not be over-paternal, since a society in which the strongest has no advantage is a society in which progress is impossible, and deterioration certain. His application of these principles has a very modern ring. When he wrote of politicians who introduced humanitarian measures with an eye only to the proximate effect, he went back to Pitt's free dispensation of the poor rates for an example. Illustrations of the same short-sightedness could now be supplied from the legislative grist of any State.

The good that would come from more study of such writers would be in relating political action to general principles. There are "principles," of course, which will justify the wildest Socialism or the most hidebound spirit of reaction. But even for them to search out such principles would be better than to take each case "on its merits." They would be more likely to act in moderation. Only forgetfulness of the fact that Spencer and such as he tried to reach political fundamentals, brushes them aside as "antiquated." Some writers always seem up to date—witness Aristotle's "Politics." Yet our legislators bring forward their bills as if the present had no past. "Our social organization," writes Root, apropos of one of Spencer's essays, "has been passing from the régime of contract into the régime of status," and he goes on to denounce the multitude of laws enacted without regard to their ultimate consequences. As for our rough-and-ready writers of to-day, they are like the radical essayist who confessed recently to being tormented into sleeplessness by an orthodox book upon "governmental authority," "class power," "social legislation," and "parliamentary machinery." He prayed for treatises written crisply upon "bosses," "machines," "political deals," and other substantials of the actual modern political game. He would treat of government and all it represents as if the earth were new-born every twenty years.

All told, the spirit which would tie up even detailed lawmaking and administration to fundamental theories—both the caution and broadmindedness implicit in it—might profit greatly by the attention to old philosophers. We are especially prone to neglect the writers of the generations immediately preceding our own, from a sense of how far, socially and politically, we have left behind the sneered-at Victorian era. It is forgotten that the last century brought forth some of the very ablest political teachers. Possibly the neglect rises from our attitude towards polities as a field for the expert; even while we insist on the higher training in other lines. This too amiable democracy is exposed to rebuke at many points; and a pleasing reaction from it would be in a heightened respect for the prophet of an elder day.

Foreign Correspondence

NEUTRAL TRADE—THE ZEPPELINS—ELDERLY PATRIOTS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, October 11.

Reports now reaching England indicate that many Americans are inclined to believe that British interference with American trade and shipping has not been wholly and solely due to military necessity. The notion has evidently been sedulously disseminated in America that the British Government has been using such interruptions as have occurred to further British at the expense of American trade. To accuse our Government of so extraordinary and penny-wise-and-pound-foolish a policy seems a greater insult to its intelligence than its worst lapses and mistakes would warrant; and to enlightened observers the charge must almost carry its own refutation. But the rumor recurs; and therefore I am glad to be in a position to assert that there is no foundation whatever for this idea. I say this on the strength of what has reached me from a source on the good faith and authoritative information of which I can absolutely rely. The sole object of the interruptions in question has been to cut off the supplies of England's enemies, and the British Government has taken the greatest pains to avoid giving offence to American merchants. This does not mean a blank denial that individual and accidental cases occur in which the American shipper's loss has inured to the gain of some British competitor. Our export trade is in such a state of dislocation that a man may sometimes seize a chance of getting cheap goods without too scrupulous an investigation into their source. But such cases are rare and arise out of the abnormal conditions. If an American exporter hears that his goods have been stopped or sold, and at the same time learns that some British trader has sent abroad a cargo at a higher price than that obtained by him, it is only natural that he should connect the two things. He would, however, make a great mistake if he were

suspect that the incident had arisen through any set purpose of the British Government. The wish and interest of our Government would rather lead it to minimize and discourage enterprises of this kind; and so far as I can make out, the country in general would not tolerate any deliberate fanning of a policy which seems to it as unwise as it is mean. The regret at our enforced interference with neutral, and especially with American, trade seems practically universal, and I see no reason to judge that it is either feigned or hypocritical.

My first intimation that London was under bombardment from the clouds, last Wednesday evening, was the momentary hesitation of a taxi-driver to accept a fare for a large railway terminal, which he evidently looked upon (quite erroneously) as well within the danger zone. When he found that our party included a young soldier under orders for the front, he made no further demur, and we reached the station in ample time for the train due to pull out at 10:30 P. M. No bombs were heard or Zeppelins seen on the way, but constables were posted at intervals to steer vehicles clear of the broken glass visible in several streets, and we passed close to a small bomb-crater made half an hour before. At the station all the lights were out; and it was a task of some time and difficulty to find the gate leading to departure-platform No. 7. If the New Yorker will imagine himself deposited in front of a Grand Central Depot almost absolutely dark and crowded with hundreds of soldiers and their friends, he will have some idea of the scene. The difficulties of groping in the dark were considerably aggravated by the kit-bags and other pieces of baggage scattered throughout the waiting-halls and platforms, and by the fact that many of the Tommies found a recumbent posture with their bags as pillows, the most convenient method of waiting for their entrainment. Groups of them whiled away the time by singing "Tipperary" and other battle chants; and the lighted ends of their "Woodbines" were almost the only luminous points in the enveloping gloom. Perfect order, however, prevailed, and the inevitable jostlings were all received with unfailing good temper. The night was, of course, moonless; and the acres of the station's glazed roof—a splendid mark for bombs—were barely visible from below. After about two hours of this somewhat eerie waiting, the lights were suddenly turned on. The process of entraining began at a dozen different platforms, and the station soon resumed its normal appearance, though (I understand) none of the trains were allowed to start for another hour or two.

On our way home we visited the nearest of the five centres which had received the chief attention of the German airships. The amount of visible damage was unexpectedly small, except in the matter of window-glass. Most of this had already been swept off the roadways and sidewalks, but there were still places where it crunched under one's feet like January snow. The streets were fairly full (between 1 and 2 A. M.) of an interested and inquisitive crowd, searching for souvenirs with lanterns and flashlights, and trying to extract something more than "pass along, please," from the imperturbable policemen stationed round any structure where danger was still feared from falling stones or broken glass. No fire was visible except in one spot, where the bomb had penetrated to a subterranean gas-main; but this was under complete control, though not extinguished for several hours. The great centres of interest were spots where bombs had fallen in open spaces; and it gave one a curious thrill to see, in a London thoroughfare, shell-craters such as we had been reading about for months as among the characteristic features of the front.

It is marvellous how quickly we have become accustomed to the Zeppelin peril. When we were expecting the first raid, we were all more or less nervous about it; we filled the baths with water at night, provided fire-extinguishers, and quite intended to take refuge in the cellars. As time went on, however, and it was seen how *relatively* insignificant was the damage done by the raids, we began to forget the bath-tubs and to mislay the extinguishers. When the firing of the anti-aircraft guns was heard, the natural impulse was to hurry out and see what was going on. This may not have been the "efficient" thing to do, in the German sense of the word, and it may have led to some preventable mishaps. But it is not without its value as an evidence that the moral effect of panic has not been accomplished; and it is, at any rate, better than the confusion and terror which (we are assured) prevailed in certain German towns when the signals announcing an air-raid were given for the sake of rehearsal. The individual danger seems as remote as that from a bolt in a thunderstorm. Now, for the first time, we can understand the spirit in which men live calmly on the slopes of Vesuvius. All the same, we are beginning to feel a little restive at the contrast between Paris's immunity and London's visitations from Zeppelins; though, of course, we realize how much easier it is for our assailants to drop on us suddenly from the trackless wastes of air above the North Sea than to surprise a Paris guarded by scores of miles of war-clad territory.

No one who has recently walked abroad in any of the open spaces near London can have failed to notice the bands of mature citizens in gray-green uniforms, busy in drilling, digging trenches, or practicing at miniature rifle-ranges. A red brassard on their left arms, bearing the letters G. R. (and refusing, with a curious obstinacy, to look military—perhaps on account of the unusual width of its five inches), proclaims them members of the Volunteer Training Corps, a body now numbering between 300,000 and 400,000 men, distributed among forty-five County Regiments. The initiation of this movement may be dated from a letter sent to the *Times* by Mr. Percy A. Harris, on August 6, 1914; and its success has been largely due to the exertions of men like Lord Desborough, president of the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps, and General Sir O'Moore Creagh, its military adviser, formerly Commander-in-Chief in India. Its object is to enroll citizens above the military age or having other adequate reason for not enlisting in the regular army, in order to train them in various ways for home defence. Among the duties which they hope to qualify themselves to face are assisting in repelling an invasion or raid, garrison duty in towns and villages, guarding railways and other vulnerable points, supervising removal of the civil population, keeping order and allaying panic in case of emergency, and guarding communications, etc. Their "Official Regulations" contain a statement of their duties (probably by General Creagh), the spirited nature of which may be gathered from the following phrases: "It is obvious that on the first landing of an enemy, if his attempt cannot be frustrated, not a moment should be lost in assembling troops and attacking him with the most advanced, however few in number, till more can be assembled. The object will be to constantly harass, annoy, and tire out the enemy, and to impede his progress, till a sufficient force can be assembled to smash him." "It must never be forgotten to inculcate into our Volunteer Corps the great advantages they possess by their knowledge of the country in attacking the enemy." "It must be impressed on every man that although retiring gradually before the enemy may be at first necessary to allow the regular troops to collect, yet the great object of irregular corps is to attack on every favorable opportunity, and as much by the bayonet as by fire; and such attack must be bold and vigorous as becomes men defending their hearths and homes." "We must raise the indignation of the country to the highest pitch, and cause to react on our enemy that terror which he has used in Belgium."

If the first impulse of any beholder is to smile at the perspiring efforts of these elderly citizens, it is only necessary to gain a little acquaintance with their actual achievements to turn amusement into a very genuine respect. A glance at the admirable trenches they have constructed for the defence of London is alone enough to accomplish this transformation. Their standard of drill is very high, and has elicited encomiums from inspecting generals. They have fulfilled disagreeable patrol duties in a most efficient manner; and their disciplined services have been found of notable aid in such matters as furnishing emergency squads for munition work, for coastguard work, or as adjuncts to the Fire Brigade during Zeppelin raids. The amount of sound military training acquired in a very brief period in the Volunteer Officers' Instructional Classes is almost incredible. All this is done at their own expense, the red brassard being the only article of their equipment that is furnished by Government. They have received a considerable amount of official recognition and have fulfilled the conditions entitling them to the rights of combatants under Article 1 of the Hague Convention. The object of a bill just brought before Parliament by the Marquis of Lincolnshire is to obtain a still more defined status and greater power to apply military discipline. The officers of the V. T. C. do not use the ordinary military titles, but are known as Commandant, Company Commander, and so on. A retired officer of the regular army, militia, or territorial forces, having the right to retain his rank, may be addressed on parade as (*e. g.*) "Company Commander Colonel Smith."

The success last month of the British troops at La Bassée Canal, if not so far-reaching as we could wish, gives us (I think) some excuse for a modest amount of self-congratulation and new hope. It cannot be denied that our soldiers captured German trenches, redoubts, guns, and men, and forced back the German lines for an appreciable distance. The important fact is that this success was obtained by an army created within the last twelve months, undoubtedly containing many men who, a year ago, had never fired a gun or formed fours. Many of the officers had never even dreamed that leading a charge would figure among the experiences of their lives. I know a score of such myself, to some of whom their present task is so temperamentally repugnant that my admiration for their resolution and sense of duty is unbounded. A brigadier of whom I know said

that one of his colonels was a dentist when the war broke out, and one of his majors a hide merchant, and that he could want no better officers. Yet, so far as the evidence before us warrants, these untried men seem to have been as steady as veterans. There is no allegation that *any* troops could have done better in the circumstances.

THE IMPRACTICABILITY OF SENDING A JAPANESE ARMY TO EUROPE.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, October 2.

When we heard some time ago a French voice inviting the Japanese troops to take part in the present European war, we took it as a mere suggestion; but it is becoming, as it seems, to be an interesting, even a serious, question, to be opposed or endorsed frankly, now in Japan. An article on the subject in the *Fortnightly Review* of some six or seven months ago had all the language of persuasion; when the writer said: "They [Japanese] are moved by sentiments of honor and chivalry, and not by calculations of greed. Their friend, their ally, their sworn brother, England, asks them to come, and they will come at once without counting the cost or waiting to reckon whether it will be loss or gain," he departed from the so-called English commonsense of his race. If it were fifteen or twenty years ago, when what we wanted was universal recognition as a "first-class nation," and if there were no better way to accomplish our object than by taking a "glorious part in the tremendous European struggle," such language might have been greeted enthusiastically; but the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* does not grasp the real condition of present Japan or the Japanese mind sadly disillusioned from her cherished dream of being a "first-class nation." What blood we spilled and what a national debt we earned merely hunting after that spectre or ghost! We are in truth like a man who has shaken off the romanticism of youth, arriving at the age of reaction where our only wisdom is seen to lie in persistence in insularity. It is now realized that for attaining our object we should rearrange the general condition of the country (the general conditions of Japanese life, too) with the strength of consciousness and, above all, with a real economy of force. We have arrived now at this wisdom in which the seeming negativism, spiritual as well as physical, turns at once to the truest positivism by the magic of its intensity or its own distillation of force.

Indeed, the question of "first-class nation" is not a matter of width of domain or size of population; we solve it according to a standard more sensible and real. To hold ourselves more compact, we should declare, is the very way to contribute to the world's civilization and humanity; if we ever attain to the rank of "first-class nation," it will not be by the mere capital-lettered Militarism. Here right before our faces we have an exact example in Germany. Suppose we accept the Western invitation and send a fully trained army of 250,000 men, as some English writer suggested, and drive away the enemy from the fields of Flanders and across the Rhine and even demolish Berlin. What shall we gain if in the near future we may happen to be looked upon as another Germany by the whole world? Japan has an important problem in her relation with America; the latter's suspicion always fancies in us a military monster, like José Maria de Heredia's Daimio, dressed in lacquer, crépon, and brass, eying from bearded mask Nippon's dawn smile in the roseate sky upon the far volcano's snow-crowned mass. And on the other hand we have many chauvinists or military dreamers still left in present Japan, who might become wild and reckless if we happened to be crowned in Europe as the greatest power of swords of the whole world and put Europe under our obligation. The Japanese militarism is past history; we hope at least it is so, and if we are still a military power, it must be in the meaning of self-protection. When we fought with Russia in Manchuria ten years ago, we said it was not merely a war between Japan and Russia, but between civilization and barbarism; I wrote then: "Is it a reason Russia's misdeeds should be overlooked, because she is a white nation? Is it a reason why our Japanese civilization cannot be acknowledged, because we are brown people? We have been suffering under many an injury arising from such a prejudice." Did we ever expect then we should become a co-belligerent of Russia to-day, "barbarous Russia" of ten years ago, and that "Kimigayo," our national Japanese anthem, would be sung in her capital? The brightest mind might find it difficult to answer a question what country we have to fight against next or with what nation we are to join our hands; the recent development of the world, we confess, has made us rather pessimistic. I am not ready to proclaim Japan's honesty as a nation; but we beg to say that each country has her own right to think herself first in a sensible proportion from the point of view of her own existence. And at such a time as to-day, when we cannot help suspecting international friendship, my mind recalls an old Chinese poem saying:

> There is a cloud when one turns his hand;
> At another turn, lo, it becomes rain.
> Oh, humanity is so thin, thin like paper.

There is no country that admires and respects England more than Japan, even making a student's obeisance to her; and there is no Japanese in Japan who loves England like myself, who saluted her in the following lines:

> There is no other land like thy home,
> Where, like mountains, heaves thy soul divine,
> Up to the Heavens of blue-deep rest;
> Like the river boundless and fresh, thy heart overflows
> In search of Truth toward the sea unfathomable, free,
> O England vast as are the suns vast,
> O England with the widest breath of widest love!

Let the friendship between our countries (between myself and my English friends, too) stand on candid ground. I sang once: "Thou scornest luxury, thou scornest sham and cheat, thou art the true friend of humanity deathless and plain." From my candid mind I should say that for Japan to send her army of considerable merit (perhaps 250,000) to Europe is impossible practically; a certain English writer dwelt on the matter, saying: "Japan by the Pacific-Canadian route is only a few days further away from the English Channel than India. Within a month of the Emperor of Japan issuing his orders, the Japanese army would be in Flanders or Normandy." But to carry some 250,000 men across the Pacific Ocean there should be some few hundred transports; from our experiences in the last two wars we learn that our power of transportation for one time is not adequate for more than forty or fifty thousand men. For argument's sake, let us say that, since one soldier needs some six tons (the measure of capacity) for his transportation, you must have 1,200,000 tons for 200,000 men and 1,800,000 tons for 300,000 men. And the ships should be, each of them, of more than three or four thousand tonnage. Where shall we get such a number of available ships? Suppose we succeed in crossing the Pacific Ocean, and also Canada by train. You must consider first of all the matter of communication (*étapes*), depots, which, as I am assured by an army expert, is more important than a non-professional ever thinks of; and it will be seen that the completion of the journey would not be a matter of "only a few days farther away from the English Channel than India." If we send the army to France by sea, we shall need some one year and a half before completing the transportation of two or three hundred thousand soldiers (supposing we send forty or fifty thousand at one time); and to make the army effective we must have these 200,000 or 300,000 men all at once. Then there is a serious question of food; and we must be prepared to see many soldiers die from the difference of climate and water, or from their own pride of bravery as Japanese soldiers; my friend in the Japanese General Staff Office said that we should prepare another two or three thousand soldiers to put these 200,000 or 300,000 in perfect working order. After all, this sending of the Japanese army to Europe is a mere talk on the table or a dream.

There might be some one who suggests the Siberian route; but we are told that nearly all the locomotive engines of Russia are absorbed in the fields, and Siberia is suffering as a consequence. Even if we reached Moscow or its vicinity after several months, it is quite doubtful if we could get the communication railways in our hands to make the Japanese operation free and positive. Although some writer wrote that the possibility of military action in Europe had been carefully studied by the Headquarters Staff at Tokio, and that doubtless all was ready for the execution of a clear and well-conceived plan, we Japanese people think about the matter otherwise. How many Japanese officers have ever travelled in the places where the present conflict is going on? And besides, we must take the question of language into account; only a few officers speak any foreign language.

And suppose some one wishes to discuss the question of "armies for hire"; I hate to think even a moment of bartering the living human blood for money or rewards in any shape. It should be understood that, by the decree of the Emperor, our Japanese soldiers are in military service for defending the country and her honor, but not as merchandise or fighters for sale. There is a great possibility, however, of raising an army of volunteers in Japan of men who, like myself, love and admire England—as I once wrote, the "builder of Truth upon the peaks of stars and song, the builder of song amid liberty's pines of echoing heart"; they will, I am sure, be glad to fight in Europe as people belonging to her ally in the Far East and to pay their duty individually. But when some English writer assures us of the German East Africa for our colonial vent as a scene of activity far removed from Australian and American susceptibilities, we have at present to thank him for his kind suggestion.

What Is Wrong with the Army?

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

If the advocates of peace were to run down the regular army as the advocates of greater preparedness have been decrying it during the last year, they would undoubtedly find themselves charged with being unpatriotic, if not traitorous, and certainly guilty of malicious hostility to our forces for land defence. The advocates of larger appropriations do not hesitate to denounce the army as being mismanaged and not up to its task, but they usually lay the blame upon Congress, which they say has "starved" the army, has insisted on the maintenance of forts of no earthly military value, built, like those at Helena, Mont., Cheyenne, Wyo., and Des Moines, Ia., for political purposes in order to placate certain powerful politicians, and perhaps thereby to purchase certain army reforms which could not otherwise have been attained. Senator Carter, of Montana; Congressman Hull, of Iowa, and Senator Warren, of Wyoming, were, in their persons, the "military necessity" for the construction of those three forts, which, like the one near Denver, ought long since to have been turned into civilian colleges and abandoned by the military.

But while politics has been the bane of the army, and Congress can be justly indicted for its treatment of the service, the faults in the army are by no means due to Congress alone. As any one who criticises the service and points out its shortcomings, except in order to ask that the taxpayers pour out more money for its aggrandizement, is sure to be denounced, let me say at once that the statements in the present article are obtained chiefly from army officers, and from twenty-five years of personal observation and study; that they are actuated by no spirit of hostility towards any individuals, though frankly written from the point of view of one who does not believe in a large army, yet has for a quarter of a century labored diligently to bring about the wise expenditure of 100 cents for every dollar appropriated by Congress, and has invariably defended the army against the politicians. It was an able Secretary of War who remarked to the writer that the trouble with the army was that its "survey boards did not survey, its courts-martial did not court-martial, its retirement boards did not retire, and its promotion boards did not properly promote"—a condition of affairs that cannot be attributed to Congress, though its causes hark back to politics.

Indeed, this very Secretary of War consented to the setting aside of sentences of courts-martial and actions of other military tribunals for personal or political reasons. During his incumbency we had some of the worst cases ever known of officers being jumped, through Presidential favoritism, over the heads of hundreds of others. Under this Secretary that order was first issued which Secretary Garrison is the first head of the War Department to enforce—that any officer using political influence should have it entered on his record against him.

But the politicians did not then stop going to the War Department; it was even carefully explained by officials to some of them that the order was issued merely to head off those who were not the Administration's favorites, or whose favor was not necessary to the Administration's success in Congress. Naturally, army officers stuck their tongues in their cheeks when this order was talked of, and the old game of pull and politics went on as blithely as ever until the army discovered that Lindley M. Garrison meant business, and that the use of influence was being entered upon officers' records of efficiency against them.

Now the corridors of the War Department are not visited by Congressmen and Senators, and there is at this writing but one case on record where Presidential favoritism has been used to the detriment of the army under Mr. Wilson—a rather flagrant case, too. How can one expect army retiring boards to retire adequately if the War Department sets aside their findings to oblige a Senator? The reason is known instantly, by the army grapevine telegraph, from Panama to Alaska and the Philippines, and the army guides itself accordingly.

It is only rarely that an officer is able to rise by merit. As soon as he enters the army, therefore, the young officer, if he is wise, marries the daughter of a Senator, or of a powerful newspaper owner, or of a millionaire contributor to campaign funds, and seeks to get ahead of his fellows not by superior diligence or ability, but by the free use of influence. It has been "the devil take the hindmost." When Congressman Hull, by reason of his being chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, was able to land his son, a man of only mediocre ability, in a position as major, from which he rose in ten years to be a colonel and judge-advocate at the age of only thirty-seven, what incentive is there to qualify for such a position by legal study and practice? Again, when the war broke out in 1898, a lot of men, some good and some bad, were ordered to Fort Monroe to take the physical examination for commissions. A number of them failed, but they were all appointed just the same. President McKinley saw nothing out of keeping with his oath of office in appointing them, although they might break down at once in the war when capable officers were needed, or, if not, were certain to load up the retired list at an early age. But how could any Secretary of War expect that particular examining board to take its work seriously or to "find" candidates when it knew that its reports were utterly ignored?

Is it any wonder, in view of this régime of politics, that the soldierly spirit in the army is at a low ebb? Take the list of our present generals, and run over the reasons for their appointment to high positions. Gen. Wood was promoted to the rank of a regular brigadier because he was credited with having cleaned up Cuba—an excellent achievement, but not a military one, he being, moreover, a doctor without military training. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss earned the same rank by being an admirable collector of customs at Havana, jumping up from the rank of major for this worthy but non-military service. Gen. Frederick Funston won the same position because of excellent work as a volunteer colonel, for which a captaincy would have sufficed had not the Kansas delegation achieved more; Gen. J. J. Pershing jumped from captain to brigadier avowedly because of a raiding expedition in the Philippines, but really because he was a son-in-law of the all-powerful Wyoming Senator. Gen. Albert Mills rose in a bound from captain to brigadier, thanks to Roosevelt's favor, because he had the good luck to be wounded, in the first skirmish in 1898, near the Rough Rider Colonel.

Two of the present brigadiers won their rank by act of Congress for excellent service on the Panama Canal; they merited reward, of course, but why should they, trained and practiced chiefly as engineers, be put into a position to command troops when one had never drilled more than a company in his life and the other commanded a volunteer regiment for four days only?

The rewards given by Congress for work at Panama have been utterly disproportionate on the military side and merely drive home to the service the lesson that the way to jump from colonel to major-general of the line, as Col. Goethals did against his wish, is by *brilliant work along non-military lines.* Naturally, Major-Gen. Goethals is not interested in holding that rank or commanding troops when he is an engineer, and so he proposes to retire as soon as his work on the Canal is done. The late Major-Gen. Frederick Grant was, of course, a purely political appointment; and so it goes.

Only recently have there been appointed generals who really merited the rank in the eyes of the service, and there again the credit lies with the Wilson Administration. That several of the others, like Bliss, Wood, Mills, and Funston, have made good as generals in the opinion of the service, does not, of course, weaken the fact that their original appointments were subversive of the interests of the army. Even the present Chief of Staff, Gen. Scott, an excellent man, of particular usefulness in Indian and Mexican negotiations, won his rapid rise under Mr. Wilson, not by military exploits, but by non-military traits, his knowledge of Indians and their sign-language, his skill as a plenipotentiary, etc.

This lack of the real soldierly spirit is the great weakness of the service to-day. By that is not meant that the army should acquire Prussian arrogance or embrace the spirit of Prussian militarism—though there are some officers quite ready to go the whole hog—but it ought to acquire German industry, German application, and German thoroughness. Judged by those standards, the American army is still lazy. Suppose every regiment of regulars were ordered to

march out of its barracks and drill every day from 5 A. M. until eleven o'clock, as the German regiments do for months at a time—what would happen? There would all but be mutiny. The regiments would be depleted by desertions and most of the officers would think of resigning or would run to their Congressmen for help. Yet it is just such hard work that makes a fine army. It is, of course, true that the service works infinitely harder than prior to 1898, but there is still much to be done to bring it up to approximately European efficiency.

Foreign officers admire our West Point without exception; but there is no reason on earth, they say, why the excellence of drill attained there should not be the standard of the army. If it can be achieved in one place, it can in another. But the regular regiments that have passed through New York recently, notably the Thirtieth Infantry, have marched so badly and generally appeared so slack that in most foreign armies the colonel commanding would have been instantly cashiered or retired. Yet the physical material in that regiment was superb and the men looked wonderfully fit.

Good marching on parade is not everything, and neither is soldierly appearance; but if they are worth the time and labor spent on them at West Point they are worth it in the service. Good shooting is worth far more, and so is the knowledge of how to care for oneself in the field, how to intrench, etc., etc. But, as a matter of fact, every real soldier knows that drill is at the foundation of discipline as the alphabet and reading are at the bottom of mental discipline. The great trouble is that the newly graduated cadet finds the service slack, many poor colonels, and latterly far more interest in athletics than in purely military functions. There is no incentive to soldierliness, and no chance to advance oneself by rigid application to routine drills.

For this Congress is not responsible. Nor is it accountable for the gross extravagance in the service, and the constant lack of soldierly honor in dealing with the money Congress votes. If there ever was a wasteful branch of the Government, it is the army. I have myself seen it march away from manœuvre grounds and leave behind shower-baths and other facilities erected at a cost of thousands—for the near-by farmers to profit by.

A post surgeon recently requested, and his request was approved by the post commander, a $30,000 isolation hospital. The Secretary of War ascertained that there had been not one or two contagious cases in a year there; but that did not interest the surgeon. Another wanted a costly flight of stairs because the old one was worn out. A high official and three or four generals tested the stairs; they were perfectly sound, but being slightly worn, were offensive to the surgeon. Was not Uncle Sam's Treasury full? Why not turn to it?

But the classic example is West Point. If there ever was a colossal blunder, it was the reconstruction of West Point. It is architecturally beautiful; every conceivable comfort is provided. There is a power station there that is wonderful, and as spick and span as a cadet on full-dress parade. The gymnasium is superb, and, that the sons of Mars may know something about the Prince of Peace, there is a $450,000 Protestant chapel, the product of the genius of Bertram Goodhue, which is one of the most beautiful church edifices extant, and, of course, it quite o'ertops the modest Catholic chapel. The post is lined with splendid officers' quarters, costing from $20,000 up, and the Superintendent has just asked for thirty or forty more, at $20,000 apiece. The administration offices are magnificent Gothic, and the whole Academy is quite luxurious compared to the humble one that Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, and Grant attended. What a lesson for the humble farmers' sons, the offspring of the plain American people! What a contrast to the real democracy from which the student body is recruited! What a complete reversal of the lessons of simple, hard living that a soldier ought to be taught!

But the officers who have controlled West Point care nothing for the example set by Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany, who slept in his palace on his soldier's iron cot until the end of his life.

It actually costs $20,000, I have been informed in military circles, to educate a boy at West Point, as against $12,000 at Annapolis. The Military Academy bill contains a provision of $17,700 in extra pay for officers, in addition to their regular salaries. Why? Is the service there as arduous as in the Philippines or Alaska? And the Superintendent is asking $125,000 for a laundry which will wash several times as many clothes for the women and children of the Academy as for its cadets. What ideas as to what army posts ought to be will these cadets carry away with them? What are they to think when they see women living in costly quarters obtained from Congress on the plea that they were to be used only as bachelor quarters? What are they to think of the use of Cullum Memorial Hall for teas and social events of all kinds, as to which there is no reference in Gen. Cullum's will? Or of officers' families boarding in a part of the costly bachelor officers' mess? Or of the fact that there are four and a half persons, chiefly women and children, at West Point to each cadet? That there are already 110 detailed officers in addition to civilian teachers to an average of 620 cadets, and many more are asked for? That the officers' quarters contain fine mahogany furniture, costing between $400 and $500 of the taxpayers' money? Can they take away any other idea than that an army post or school is erected primarily for the purpose of promoting the personal welfare and comfort of officers and their families, particularly their families?

The truth is that West Point is, because of its physical formation, not at all adapted for its purposes; but the fact that there is not enough drill ground now for 600 men in open-order tactics does not prevent the present Superintendent from asking that the corps be increased to 1,400 men.

Of course, West Point is not the only place where one finds this waste of the public funds on the recommendation of army officers. What could be more useless than Governor's Island, the chief purpose of which is to provide a pleasant home for thirty or forty officers? Its garrison is needless, and no other army in the world would put a battalion of infantry on a little island where it could not march to save its soul. Hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved if the place were closed up, the officers made to live on their allowances for commutation of quarters in the city of New York or Newark or New Rochelle, or wherever they pleased, just as the officers of German and French regiments find their own family quarters; no one cares where they live so long as they are on hand for duty. Surely, Gen. Barry, a real soldier among our generals, is entitled to great credit for holding down some of the extravagances at West Point, and particularly for preventing the waste of $25,000 for quarters there for the Secretary of War and the President of the United States (to be used once a year perhaps), for he was going directly against the popular current in the army.

Truly, if West Point is to be regarded as setting the tone of the army, then the tone of the services is one of unmilitary living and needless extravagance, with the emphasis on anything but those ascetic and virile qualities and rigid, plain standards of living that go so far to make the true soldier. The cadets even go into camp in tents with permanent wood floors, electric lights, etc., and only once in a year do they leave the Point for a long march! Is it any wonder that a Bavarian general once said to me after seeing West Point:

"Your academy is splendid, your Corps of Cadets is magnificent, but, if I were the Superintendent, I would march them away from the academy and put them into camp in the hills beyond the Point"?

Is it surprising to learn that the large maps of the seats of war placed in the officers' mess at West Point at the outbreak of the war have been taken down because the fifty officers who resort to that mess are no longer sufficiently interested in the war to make it worth while to retain them?

I asked particularly the other day whether there were not weekly quizzes on the progress of the war; whether the senior officers were not lecturing weekly on the strategy of the campaign as it was unfolded; whether they were not playing the war-game as it was presented in each one of the fields of operation, but I was assured that, except for one little group of young officers, nothing of the kind had happened—incredible as it may seem, since the cadets, to say nothing of the officers, are supposed to be learning the art of war. That in itself is the most striking proof of the lack of the military spirit which is the chief evil in the army, and for which Congress is not responsible.

And what are cadets and what is the pub-

lic to think of the grave scandal which has just been developed at the trial of Lieut.-Col. Goodier, now going on in San Francisco, at which officers have sworn that certain of their brother-officers of the Aviation Section have been drawing the 35 per cent. increase of regular pay, which is by law awarded to officers who are risking their lives by actually making ascensions, when they could not even handle an aeroplane? It was charged, under oath, that Capt. Cowan, commanding the Aviation School at San Diego, had been drawing $113 a month extra pay since July, 1913, although not capable of taking a machine into the air alone, and Capt. Cowan has admitted that he drew this unearned pay for twenty-five months!

The truth is that in many directions resources available are knowingly diverted from military to non-military purposes, as, for instance, in the matter of transportation; we have not modern military transportation, but plenty of money for buses and ambulances and non-military vehicles. They even run a bus line from one end of West Point to the other. Into the effect of all this upon the enlisted men of the army and into the free use of these men for non-military purposes, such as officers' servants, caretakers, etc., there is not space to go in this article; but every one who knows the army, knows what an abuse it is, and how it reduces the number of men available for military drills. It verges dangerously near the line of "honest graft," which reminds me that when the camp at Texas City of a whole division of our troops was broken up by the cyclone in August last, there were downright charges by a service journal that no worse place for military purposes could have been selected than the site of this camp, as to which this defender of preparedness declared there were grave rumors of real graft.

It is interesting to note, too, that the storm nipped in the bud, as it were, the erection of several large dancing-pavilions and club-houses that were being built by the troops—military duty again—for the use of themselves some nights in the week, and of their officers the others. I have been trying my best to recall if I ever heard of dance-halls being erected by French or German regiments, and I cannot remember that I ever did.

Now, the maddening thing about all this is that we can do a great deal better if we wish to, for we have the best material on earth out of which to build armies. No one surpasses the American in natural adaptability and the ability to think for himself. Take the story of Funston's Kansas regiment. It is exactly like that of hundreds of volunteer regiments in the Civil War, but it is an amazing tale of resourcefulness, of daring, dash, and Yankee ingenuity, and natural born soldiering, without much drill and next to no discipline. These fine qualities are there, and available. Why do we not get them in times of peace? Moreover, there are a number of able officers in our service who see the needs and deplore the whole present situation, and who do not believe in the Government's buying polo ponies and fox-hounds or conducting a lot of costly suburban communities, but would like to train real soldiers. Why is it that for an expenditure far out of proportion to what the German army costs—we have put, according to Congressman Hay, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, $1,007,410,270.48 into the army in the last ten fiscal years, 1905 to 1915, which is not so bad for a "niggardly" Congress—we do not get a regular army as good, man for man, as the German and the French?

Incidentally, the taxpayer should ask himself whether he ought to heed the advocates of preparedness in adding more sums to the frightful waste that is going on, without the slightest assurance that he will have a bit more efficient army than he has to-day.

Notes from the Capital

JOHN BARRETT.

A thing of beauty and a joy forever is Mr. John Barrett, of Pan-American fame. A fair, smooth, oval face, eyes so soulful that they seem almost to plead with you as you look into them, cupid-bow lips, and a figure that time has refused to inflate, make a combination the attractive force of which is ably supported by a costume invariably the perfection of style and fit, and a manner assuring you more plainly than words that you are of the elect. How much of Mr. Barrett's success in life is due to this ingratiating exterior we can only guess; but certain it is that he has made his way by always knowing what he wished, never hesitating to ask for it, but accepting with charming grace whatever came to him as a result.

New Englander by birth and Dartmouth graduate by education, he transplanted himself early to the Pacific coast, where, as a newspaper editor, he told his new neighbors how things ought to be done in a cultured community. With the opening of the Presidential year 1892 he felt a yearning for another look at the East, so he procured an election as alternate in the Oregon delegation to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, where, his principal suddenly becoming incapacitated, he was promoted to the responsibilities of a full delegate, and worked and voted for Grover Cleveland as the party candidate. When it came, later, to dispensing the usual patronage, Mr. Cleveland was much annoyed at a factional war which so split the Democrats of Oregon that the Senators could not unite in recommending persons for appointment. Barrett, who had rather carefully kept out of the fight, had made known his aspirations for a modest post in our foreign service; and Mr. Cleveland, losing patience with the quarrellers, said to them one day: "I have the Siamese mission to dispose of, but you can't agree on any one to fill it. Here's this young man Barrett—will he do for a compromise?" As it was not very much of a place, but seemed likely to be the best they could get, the Senators consented; and, with the signing of the commission of this unknown lad of twenty-eight as Minister Plenipotentiary to a country that few politicians could find on the map, was launched a career which has received more generous advertisement than that of many a star actor on the stage of history.

Since leaving Siam, Barrett has never allowed himself to be lost to sight for ten minutes consecutively. When he has not been a war correspondent in the Philippines or a commercial investigator in the Far East, he has been representing the United States in some South or Central American state, or travelling around the earth in the interest of a world's fair; if you don't believe it, he can show you his assortment of diplomas, honorary memberships, and similar evidences of appreciation, including a fine decoration presented by Venezuela. After all these wanderings, he condescended to come back and settle down, several years ago, as Director-General of the Pan-American Union in Washington, with a marble palace to transact his business in.

It must not be supposed that his career has been one of uninterrupted success: he has made a blunder now and then, usually through letting his enthusiasm run away with his tongue or his pen. For example, when he was about to visit Japan in 1902, he sent advance notices to all the leading newspapers of that country, saturated with autobiographical details designed to prevent their making any mistakes as to who and what he was, and what he had accomplished. The editors were ungrateful enough to quote liberally from the material thus furnished, including his explanation that he was selected for his tour of the Orient "because of his familiarity with Asiatic peoples and politics." One remarked with ribald irony that doubtless he had been sent to take a hasty glance at Japan and go home and tell the Americans all about it. The circumstance seems to have irritated the local dignitaries a good deal, and this feeling was not assuaged when some one raked out of the musty files of three years before a report of a speech in which he had said that Aguinaldo's Filipino Cabinet and Congress "in appearance and manners would compare favorably with Japanese statesmen." The ruling class in Japan, though gentle in bearing, are by no means "'umble," and, when Barrett was about to be made Minister to Japan, a polite hint was conveyed from Tokio to Washington that the appointment of another person would be more acceptable.

During Mr. Taft's Administration he evolved the idea of settling the Mexican troubles by calling in the Central and South American republics to assist us in a campaign of peaceful mediation. This aroused the ire of the American colony in Mexico so that they appealed to Secretary Knox to "restrain Mr. John Barrett's mischievous activity"; and the Secretary tried to by issuing an official statement containing some pungent reflections on "sentimentality" and "amateur politics." But was Barrett suppressed? No, indeed. This sort of treatment merely stirred him to fresh endeavors, and he addressed to his supporters in the Pan-American movement a "confidential" note, which was, as usual, promptly published, with special stress laid on this passage: "When some day I may enter the Senate, or later, if my ambition is realized, become possibly Secretary of State, I hope that I will be able to aid you and your country to a greater degree than I can now."

Barrett still sits in the high seat from which he has so long radiated beauty and dispensed new ideas, waiting for that day of broader usefulness to dawn. TATTLER.

Poetry of the *Poilus*

By STODDARD DEWEY.

The *poilus* are the French soldiers in the trenches. The name is new and has grown up spontaneously, unanimously, with the new being it represents. It has a certain adequacy applied to these temporarily, compulsorily "hairy men," unkempt and particularly unshaved. One of their poets—for they are all sorts and conditions of men—describes their type in winter. To his verses, translineated literally, I prefix the little erudition needed for easy understanding.

From the start, Paris autobuses were drafted to the ridge of war for the locomotion of soldiers. *Pithecanthropus* is the scientific name of the missing link unearthed in the island of Java; whether man or monkey or half and half, it certainly can be made to rhyme with "autobus"—in French. Napoleon's veterans of the Old Guard were known affectionately as *grognards* ("growlers"); and a cadet of these centenary years of the military school of Saint-Cyr is a "Marie Louise." Bara is the half-legendary drummer-boy of the Revolution, killed in La Vendée and immortalized often in art since David and in patriotic song since the *Chant du Départ:*

A "Poilu"? He's a heap of ice and sleet,
Decked with a sack and aggravated with a gun.
He has a pipe for ever between his jaws,
He's whiskered like a bear—and not mealy-mouthed.
Yet so delicate he is, this pithecanthropus,
He has himself carried to the ball in autobus.
"Is he a Grognard?"—No—"Then a Marie Louise"?
Better, he's one and the other in the same shirt.
He's just as much a Bara as a Lannes or Messéna;
He's the archer of Bouvines, the dragoon of Jena.
He's a world and an epoch, a symbol, an aurora,
Radiant prodigy and star, and a meteor,
A fine dream casketed in leather and iron.
Sometimes he's a smile, sometimes he is hell;
He's always a hero, too often anonymous;
Of the old grenadier, to life he's synonymous,
An Artagnan in Brutus, a Kleber in Cyrano.
A "Poilu"? Why, he's a soul with a number to ticket him.
He eats—when? he knows not—lives an ant in a hill,
And he's proud as a knight and pure as a hermit:
Shapeless, beyond naming, and covered with vermin.
Madame, he's your *fiancé*—or else he's your husband.

These *poilus* have men of letters among them, besides poets. At Rheims, the Eleventh and Twelfth Companies of the Twenty-third Infantry Regiment of the Territorial army—the most mature reservists—have printed the little book of their *fête*. It opens with a Latin epigraph which some college men, and some who are not, will gladly read:

Non longe ab antiqua glorioseque
afflicta
Remorum civitate,
Ducibus tam benevolentibus quam
benemerentibus,
metu non spe carentes,
in conspectu hostis
ob vanam kulturam stupidi,
ob superbiam coeci,
Pilosi milites
xxiii leg. xi et xii coh.
Diem carpentes
more majorum,
fortes et ideo jucundi
gaudere voluerunt

("Not far from the ancient and gloriously afflicted city of Rheims, with leaders wishing well and deserving well, wanting fear not hope, in sight of an enemy stupid from vain Kultur, blind from pride, the *poilus* of the Twenty-third Legion, Eleventh and Twelfth cohorts, taking a day off as did their ancestors, and being gallant and therefore merry fellows, wished to rejoice.")

In the book, there is the speech of the chief of the feast; twenty-eight numbers of a concert; and a topical song on anti-typhoid vaccine. The chief was a university professor serving in the ranks, as might be gathered from his Latin for *poilus*—"Pilosi milites."

So far we have the life of these *poilus*. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier—he was a young poet before the war, and had his own particular "Naturist" school—has seen the *poilu* in death. It is an incident frequent enough in his career—and the poet chants him as "The Poor Man in Paradise."

Here, too, a little erudition is needed. The orthodox may smile superior at the French general who assured his soldiers that every man of them who died for his country would go to Heaven straight. Dr. Samuel Johnson—no smiling matter—wrote once to Bennet Langton: "Your mind is now full of the fate of Dury (a major-general, who fell in the gallant discharge of his duty, in the well-known unfortunate expedition against France, in 1758). . . . If a man can be supposed to make no provision for death in war, what can be the state that would have awakened him to the care of futurity? When would that man have prepared himself to die, who went to seek death without preparation?"

The Doctor would have been confirmed in his manner of consolation for slain soldiers' friends if he had seen the sight in the great cathedral church of Rheims before the French army retreated and the German guns demolished it. Seated in the vast nave wherever they could find a place, fifty priests in uniform like their comrades heard all night long what might be the last confessions of soldiers kneeling before them in the open, without ceremony, one following the other. Perhaps the poet had not this in mind, but it fits in with his verse:

I.

For whom waitest thou in the forest,
Death? Whom art thou now to distress?
Whom deliver from evil?
Whence art thou coming, Lady Death,
With casque of black and gold?
With thy cuirass of steel,
Astride the cannon that shines,
Whom seekest thou, Hell's daughter?
From the farthest deep of Northern plains
From beyond the Rhine, lo, thou goest forth

"O Death, what art thou come to hunt?"
Cries a soldier, seeing pass
Her who leads on the dead.
See, he has leapt up and out
From his trench's bitter stage,
Saying: "I fear thee not,
Lady Death ('tis a madman cries)
Nor fear I if one more fall at thy knees.
Lady Death, Lady Death,
Lift at me thy golden sickle,
At me—I mock thee! And, verily,
If I needs must suffer Germans
On this land full of the bones
Of my brothers—weak or strong,
Of my brothers—Lady Death,
Hear me well, I'd then as lief
Be no more!" And the combatant
Pierced with prompt wounds lay out his length.

Death is there, within his body,
Working it and biting it.

"Lady Death, look here to me:
A poor man, with only a gun
For his sole good, follows me uncaring!"

Thus the man lay him down to sleep,
Green his skin and crossed his eyes.

II.

"Lady Death," said then the Christ,
"He who uttereth not a cry,
He deserveth Paradise."

Lo, while Death goes on her way,
Comes the Angel on two wings of gold.

"What wilt thou with me, fine Seraph?"
—"Take thee up from earth and so
Open Heaven to thee, world without end!"

And the Angel hath drawn out the man
From the hole where Death buried him.

"Isn't it God I see up there?"
Said the soldier of calamity.
And the Angel answered—"This is He."
And all around rise thrilling chords
Crystalline, and the sound of horns.

"On my lip was bitter gall,
And behold, 'tis honey now!
What did I to be in Heaven?"
—"Nought didst thou but to be strong,
Facing Death, without remorse."
—"Ah! what had I to lose by leaving
A world where Dame Poverty
Tortured me with no charity?"
—"Yet, what mattered thee the lot
Of the rich whom they were wronging?"
—"True, I often wanted bread,
And I had not any measure
Of earth for me, nor any good!"
—"Then, why didst thou give up thy body,
Thy sole fortune, unto Death?"
—"For my brothers!"—"But who are they?"
—"All who belong to my fine country,
All those of my France in danger!
All those who toil in pain and stress
To drive out the German,
All whom my land has nourished,
All those who have suffered sore
In this war, O Lord Christ!"

"Blest be that man!" spoke up then
The Father Eternal, good and strong.

III.

And while He was speaking so,
Down below, without truce or mercy,
Death was chilling soldiers' lives.
And through all the cities, Death
Ceaseless passed from South to North,
And under tents, amid the wheat,
In the forest's depth, pierced with wounds,
Fell the men that gathered there.

But above their grievous bodies
Also came the wings of gold!

That the Belgian soldiers, fleeing their homes, may not be forgotten, we have "Exile's Offering," by Robert de Montesquiou, who is known in America:

We are harassed by march and fatigue,
We foot it from far in the country of hops;
We have lifted the dams of our dykes,
And left nor looked back to our golden-haired babes.
We would not serve with the foe
Whose horde ran after our maddened steps,
And we marched in full gloom and in want,
Toward the welcome of those who called on before.
You offer us food and a bed and the hearth;
But look at our fingers—they wear wedding rings!
Has no one seen pass, O shepherd or lord,
Our wives and our little ones, kids and the lambs?

Correspondence.

AMERICAN POSITION AND RESPONSIBILITY WITH REGARD TO THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is no doubt that Germany made this war. We in this country have had ample opportunity to know the main facts. Bernhardi and other German writers have given us Germany's attitude, and the diplomatic correspondence of the various countries and numerous trustworthy articles and foreign excerpts in our magazines have been widely available. Yet there is an element in our midst, largely of German extraction, which has allowed its opinions to be formed by the feeble propaganda of conscienceless, paid German "educators." With the thinking world, however, it is safe to say that none of the so-called "lies," of which Germany has so bitterly complained since the beginning of the war, have damaged her cause and her reputation as have the things that she herself has written and circulated. An unbelievable puerility has marked the utterances of her great men, and moral cowardice her unceasing attempts to justify her every action, while an utter lack of conscience and moral sense has marked both actions and utterances.

Too long have we allowed the various Dernburgs, Münsterbergs, Ridders, and Vierecks in our country (not to mention the members of a scheming and untrustworthy Embassy) to carry on practically unhindered and unnoticed a deliberate campaign against the spirit and laws of the country. German-American citizens have been led to believe that they are German subjects still, and that anything, no matter how illegal, treacherous, or evil, which they may do for the "Fatherland," for their Kaiser, and incidentally in this fanatical connection, for God, is righteous. Germans and Austrians have organized in *our* country for the stated purpose of controlling *our* Government. Bernhardi, in his "Germany and the Next War," calculated definitely upon this factor, and Germany is at this moment calculating upon it. How long would such a campaign have been tolerated in Germany? What would have happened to the leaders? Such interpretation of the freedom of our republic proves these foreigners incapable of understanding and unfit to enjoy its privileges.

It is a striking fact that it was nine months after the outbreak of war before we heard protestations of loyalty to the United States on the part of German-Americans. Up to this time they had been swayed *en masse* by characteristic narrowness and emotionalism to the blind approval of German methods. With all the world aghast over the crimes against Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania was, as far as we know, the first outrage to call forth the slightest repudiation of Germany's lawlessness and brutality, and then the German-American conscience was quickly and piously lulled by the little catch-phrase, "Germany warned Americans." Protestations of loyalty and good citizenship were made by German citizens in Antwerp before the war, doubtless in many other places as well, yet when the German army marched upon Belgium, it was found that munitions had been stored and that other definite schemes and preparations of long standing had been made by these very citizens to help Germany carry out her purpose. It may seem ungenerous for us to receive these expressions of loyalty to the adopted country, doubtless sincere on the part of many, with such a reminder, but it is quite time for us to consider facts, and those Germans and Austrians who are sincere in their American citizenship will be the last to make an outcry against a distrust which is all too well grounded and logical.

Germany, although openly at war with only certain countries, is and long has been striking secretly at the roots of government in all others. The infinite plans and schemes of Pan-Germanism have spread through unsuspected channels to the ends of the earth, like the subtle fibres of a cancerous growth. Can we in America refute with certainty this contention of Germany that we are already in her grip? Let every State and every individual look to this matter sharply at all future elections.

The American people, from the beginning of the war, have made sincere effort to hold a neutral attitude in so far and so long as it was morally possible. Germany has only herself to thank for the fact that now every protestation from her, every message, and her every action, can be looked upon only with suspicion. We have learned to trust not the Germans "even bearing gifts." The killing of hundreds of innocent people on the Lusitania, among them many Americans, is a blow that has struck home, but it is no more horrible and revolting than the agonizing death by poisonous gases which is being inflicted upon thousands on the battlefield, nor than the poisoning of springs in a desert country, and is, indeed, merely a climax to a long series of barbarous outrages against which all the forces of civilization must rise.

It is high time that every American citizen (the real citizen) should rouse himself to his individual responsibility in this war. It is time to throw off indifference and sentimentality and to make at once a definite stand for justice, decency, and humanity; for each loyal American to do all in his power, no matter how little that may be, to put down these sinister influences in this country, and, by the constant and open expression of his abhorrence of German principles and tactics, to help swell the power of world-wide public opinion to their peaceful but effectual overthrow.

It is time that we should all be fully aware of the meaning and menace of this "National Alliance" of Germans and Austrians in our midst, nor should we longer feel any hesitation in admitting and taking account of the persistence, subtlety, and craftiness of German methods. We must not apply to the German people—saturated as they are with their own peculiar mediæval ideas and decadent philosophy—our human, moral, or spiritual standards. They have lost the ability to understand these standards, and merely think us weak and foolishly sentimental. We must speak a language that they can understand nor let the desire to avoid unpleasantness (a characteristic American weakness) overshadow our sense of justice and right and our moral obligation to the rest of the world. Germany has said, and repeatedly proved her statement, that she recognizes no law, except that of her own will at a given moment—a very confession of barbarism. Let us remember that every official or representative of Germany is of necessity an exponent of the same elastic creed and is constantly working on the peculiar unmoral principles involved therein. Let American citizens who are loyal to their country organize without delay a National American Alliance to defeat this plan of faithless foreigners to control our Government. Let them see to it that no Germans or Austrians fill our public offices, or places in our army or navy, or have any connections with our fortifications, lighthouses, wireless stations, or government shops. Let them cease all dealings, however small, with those foreigners who in the past months have flaunted their allegiance to Germany or upheld her dishonorable and inhuman policies. Let them see to it that no opportunity is given to German professors in our colleges to instil into the minds of our young people the teachings of those narrow, unbalanced, diseased minds that are the progenitors of this inhuman war.

Finally, we call earnestly upon all the countries of the world to unite now in determined and effectual protest; to form a federation to put an end to this fiendish war, to Germany's high-handedness, her mad self-glorification, her fanaticism, and her murderous barbarism. Let them agree not to recognize Germany or Austria, the deliberate perpetrators of the war, as part of the civilized world; let them agree to cut off all diplomatic and commercial relations with these two countries, not only now, but indefinitely after the war, until militarism and Prussianism are safely crushed and a regeneration on civilized ideals plainly visible; until Bosnia and Herzegovina have been restored, ample indemnities paid to the countries who have suffered at Germany's hands, and every inch of Belgium given back to her people with sufficient funds for the reestablishment of the life of the country and the rebuilding of her ruined towns.

Germany's commerce is her pride, and an important source of her income. What more powerful blow could be struck by the neutral countries of the world, now openly and frankly at war with German and Austrian barbarity, than the long, steady refusal of recogni-

tion and trade? If the horror that the world has professed is sincere, it is strange that Norway, Sweden, the United States, and other countries can go on feeding Germany and making her enormous loans, and that any small faction of private citizens in a Christian country can, through greed of money and gain, continue to make an opportunity out of the war. While the countries of Europe are sacrificing their life-blood, suffering wholesale and indiscriminate murder and untold miseries and misfortunes as a result of Prussian vanity and megalomania, is it possible that the rest of the world, which has thus far been spared, cannot afford to sacrifice a little trade?

Neutral countries have their share of responsibility in the terrible slaughter now going on, and it is to their disgrace that it can still go on. If any country has any doubt as to her moral obligation to help put an end to this war and forever stamp out the principles and ideals which produced it, she has only to make herself familiar with a few modern German doctrines and tenets, the German War Book, and the report of the Bryce Committee.

All true Americans and every good world-citizen in any country is pro-decency and pro-humanity. If Germany feels herself compelled to interpret this position as pro-Allies or pro-British, the responsibility rests with her. Our duty is plain. F. W. Harman.

San Francisco, Cal., October 5.

WILL ARMENIA SUBSIST AS A NATION?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will Armenia continue to exist as a nation? is a question ever occurring to the mind at this moment when one is allowed to consider other matters than shells, bombs, submarines, and the high price of exchange. If the Armenian people were succumbing under the attacks of open war, their fortune would be simply that of the many, too many, alas! who are gallantly falling on the battle-fields of the old world, without any precursory sign of peace so far showing itself. But such is not their case. They die as a ransom paid for the decay of the Ottoman domination in Europe. The lower it falls, the fiercer is the revenge taken upon them, as if they were accountable for the fall. And what is worse, *one* European Power has been found acute and unscrupulous enough at the same time to traffic with the lives of these unfortunate victims for the advantage of its own selfish purposes. Ever since a German Empire was revived, and, through its representative at the Sublime Porte, began to manifest its views concerning the development of German influence in Asia, the Armenian nation has been condemned to the rôle of a martyr.

Already, in 1872, Ambassador Eichmann bartered with the Grand Vizier, Avni Pacha, and instigated him to exile the Armenian patriarch Hassoun, who had been the protector of the heroic Zeituniots. (Perhaps I ought to explain that Zeitun and some parts of Silicia form the so-called Armenia Minor which was the last Armenian kingdom under the Lusignan dynasty, whereas Armenia Major, near Ararat, lost its independence as far back as the eleventh century.) And when came the massacres of Sassun in the month of August, 1894, and of Constantinople in the same month two years later, followed by the murder of about a hundred thousand Armenians in the country districts, Germany's silence in the presence of Abdul Hamid cannot be specially blamed, for the shame was common to all the Christian Powers. However, it is to be noted that while public meetings in Paris, London, and other capitals gave vent to protestations, at Berlin only one voice was raised in the name of outraged humanity, that of Dr. Lepsius, the court preacher, who was immediately discharged from his post by the Kaiser. In this connection, we should record the fact of the laudable initiative taken by Denmark in calling the pro-Armenian congress at Brussels in 1902, which was followed by several others, all in vain, however, because they were not supported by the respective governments of the nations which brought them together.

In the meantime, the persecution of the Armenians continued to rage all over Turkey until it reached its climax of violence and hypocrisy at Adana in 1907, when the guilty Young Turks, who had succeeded to the Red Sultan as the masters of the Ottoman Empire, received only praise instead of reproach for their crimes. No wonder, therefore, that they are able at the present moment to carry on their work of destruction with more systematic hatred than ever. The news is distressing. The official organ of the Young Turks, the *Tasine*, has not hesitated to print that this time will see the end of Armenia, for the young men are forced to serve in the army, the old men sent off into the desert to die of hunger, all women imprisoned in the harems and islamized, while children of both sexes are sold at auction at Constantinople under the very eyes of the Germans who rule there. Only a few thousand people have been able to reach Beirut, where they were saved by a French man-of-war and the American cruisers, the Chester and Des Moines, which conveyed them to Egypt. It is even declared by the fugitives that the German Consul at Alep, a certain Rossler, went to Aintab to preside at the massacres. But whether this be true or not, my own conclusion, based on a full knowledge of Armenia and Armenian affairs, is to the effect that if Germany wins in the present war, Armenia is doomed; but if she is beaten, there still remains hope that so long as the old Haikan Bible is read in the churches of California, Rome, and Etchmiradzin, Armenia will survive as a nation.

Henry Doulcet,
Archbishop of Dioclea.

Paris, October 10.

THE ASSETS OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article, "A Gamble on Indemnities," you referred to what, at the time of writing, may be described as the assets of Germany in relation to negotiations for peace, namely, the territories occupied by the German armies. But you omitted to refer to an immensely important asset of the Allies, namely, their command of the sea. Almost the whole commercial expansion of Germany, the most striking reason of her increasing prosperity and wealth in the last half-century, is at an end, and will remain at an end until the Allies, at their own time, make peace with Germany. Unquestionably, for example, but for the war Germany would now be establishing new lines through the Panama Canal and new centres of commercial expansion in South America. Instead, her business men have to stand by and see other nations getting in before Germany. The more the point is considered the less valuable does the forcible occupation of territory appear when compared to the disastrous and equally forcible cessation of the external commerce of Germany. It is academical to write about terms of peace until Germany has been ejected from Belgium, France, and Russia, because if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the Allies will never consider terms of peace until this has been effected. But, at the same time, it is well that neutrals should appreciate that the Allies have assets on their side more important to Germany than the occupation of territory. E. S. Roscoe.

London, September 18.

A POINT FOR ASTRONOMERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of September 16, p. 334, Miss Guiney sets for us an unkind trap. She first prints a charming lyric, "To a Lady Who Ask'd What He Chiefly Admir'd in Her," asserts briskly that "no student whose ear is sensitive to the undertones of English letters would hesitate" to date the poem between 1630 and 1650, and then exults over us with the demonstration that the poem is by Wycherley; date of composition unknown, probably about 1700. So far so good. Every guesser in poetry ought to relish a joke, even when it is against himself.

In the poem quoted are, however, two lines which give me pause:

> Thus unseen Stars i' th' Element
> United, make the Milky Way.

This comparison of general attractiveness made up of numerous single qualities with the Milky Way made up of countless single stars, though somewhat of a "conceit," is pleasing. Yet would a poet of the early Stuarts, 1630-1650, have known that the Milky Way is composed of single stars and assumed that the knowledge was current with his readers? I propound the question with diffidence, for my knowledge of astronomy is painfully scant. I have usually supposed that popular knowledge of the heavens—and poetry must always be popular in its knowledge—began towards the end of the seventeenth century. The point is one upon which we ought to get the opinion of our astronomers. J. M. Hart.

Bronxville, N. Y., October 14.

"WHILST."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am grateful to Mr. H. Carrington Lancaster for correcting my statement, "Englishmen almost invariably write 'whilst.'" He has proved me to be wrong. What I ought to have said was that "whilst" is very common in English books and very uncommon in American ones. I have found it so constantly in my reading of contemporary English writers that I supposed it was even more general than it is. With reference to its spoken use, a former Rhodes scholar writes me that a certain tutor at Magdalen invariably said "whilst," "amongst," "betwixt"—rather to the amusement of his listeners. Yesterday I heard "amongst"—spoken by a German-American. William Lyon Phelps.

Yale College, October 29.

Literature

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Economic Aspects of the War: Neutral Rights, Belligerent Claims, and American Commerce in the Years 1914-1915. By Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

"How the war comes out is none of a neutral's affairs. Our business as a nation is to look after our own interests." That is the text of the author's discourse. Our interests, in his view, are comprised entirely within the field of moneymaking. We cannot, perhaps, during the continuance of the war, do as good a business as we used to do in times of peace, but we may at least hope to improve upon the present situation. The cotton trade languishes, for the planters of our Southern States find the markets of central Europe closed to them by British restrictions. The copper industry for months was depressed. It has recovered, but copper interests can find but little comfort in good prices on an increasing output when they realize that a reopening of trade with Germany and her allies would bring them still better prices on even larger sales. Northern farmers and ranchers have gained, it is true, by the active demand for their food products, and the many producers who contribute to the supply of military equipment and munitions are enjoying unexampled prosperity. Yet, though the value of our exports has actually increased in the course of the war, the situation in general is "spotty" and unwholesome. Producers of cotton, lumber, tobacco, phosphate rock, mineral oil, agricultural implements, and naval stores find their accustomed foreign markets closed to them. American wheat growers are threatened with a disastrous drop in prices when (or if) the Allies force the Dardanelles; and the eventual conclusion of peace must force a most trying readjustment in many industries, if they remain long subject to the present abnormal conditions.

The situation of our import trade is even less satisfactory. Great Britain has taken command of the high seas. Imports from the Central Powers reach us only by her sufferance. The supply of products of the first importance to our interests, such as potash in agriculture or dyestuffs in industry, has dwindled to almost nothing. Great Britain doles out to us the needed supplies of rubber, wool, and tin only on condition that our manufacturers refrain from shipping to Germany either these materials or products made from them, and has such complete control over the movement of these wares that we may not even export the clip of a Montana wool ranch.

The author is a master of the difficult subjects of commercial geography and commercial organization. He describes the flow of wares in trade with a concreteness of detail that fixes the attention, and yet he keeps always before the reader the broader aspects of the trade in its relations to the whole business structure. As an illustration of his ability may be cited the two paragraphs in which he sketches the technical and economic character of the dyestuff industry:

> The manufacture of coal-tar dyes is complex. By distilling coal-tar ten products called *crudes* are produced. By treating these crudes with non-coal-tar products, like acid and gases, 300 *intermediates* are produced. These intermediates are assembled or combined to form, all told, some 900 *finished dyes*, of which a considerable proportion are in use in the United States. It is as if ten fibres were used to make 300 yarns, these in turn being woven into 900 patterns.
>
> There are several reasons why no dyestuff industry has developed in America. One difficulty is in the production of intermediates. The making of some of these is a process kept secret or patented by the Germans. In the case of others, by-products are developed for which the Germans alone have found a use and a market. The German industry is largely in the hands of four great concerns, which produce all of the intermediates and finished dyes, and use all of the by-products. To compete with such industries it would be necessary to operate on the same scale. Some of the intermediates and finished dyes could not be made in this country until secret processes were discovered or until the expiration of German patents. We could not operate with efficiency until we had trained the thousands of chemists who watch over every division and subdivision of the dye-making process in Germany.

It is a pity that Professor Clapp did not write the whole book on the subject defined in its title; it is still more unfortunate that he has not given us a study of economic life in time of peace. He shows here, as in his earlier studies on the trade of the Rhine and on the port of Hamburg, an unusual talent for the analysis and description of commercial organization. He is qualified to do what has never yet been done, to describe the commercial relations of the United States with an intimate understanding of their significance in the economic life of the nation and of the outside world. The book as it stands, however, is one more example of the evil that the war has worked on scholarship. It has not merely tempted the author to desert the field of normal commerce for that of abnormal; it has lured him out of his field altogether, into another in which his view is clouded and his opinions are of little value.

The larger part of the book is taken up with questions of international law, the "Neutral Rights and Belligerent Claims" of the sub-title. The author follows, step by step, the growing interference of belligerents with American trade; he analyzes proclamations and diplomatic notes; he compares conventions and precedents; he passes judgment. He finds it easy to convict Great Britain of grave infractions of accepted principles of international law. He notes in passing similar offences on the part of Germany. His main concern being, however, with the fortunes of American commerce, he finds that Great Britain is the chief sinner. This conclusion is natural, and, to a certain extent, it is true. Great Britain, holding command of the sea, has taken the aggressive in naval matters, both military and commercial, from the beginning of the war. Yet the author misleads when he says that "this book, dealing with the effect of belligerent violations of neutral trade rights upon the agriculture, industries, and commerce of the United States, could be written about any nation now at peace." The Scandinavian countries, trading through Baltic waters where Germany has held command, could draw a similar indictment against Germany as the arch-oppressor.

The author's critical weakness, however, lies in the fact that, as an economist, he sees only one aspect of international law: its bearing on business affairs. He has not caught enough of the spirit of politics to realize that international law is a whole of many parts, that it would be disastrous if it were possible to single out any part, such as neutral rights of maritime trade, to be secured at the sacrifice of other parts of the law. He remains economist from first to last. Such matters as the violation of territorial neutrality, or the treatment of civilian population in alien territory, on the high seas or in conquered districts, have little interest for him. The "Lusitania horror" receives an incidental reference, in the term quoted, but it is not a topic on which an economist would be expected to have much to say.

The book gives the hateful impression that the first duty of the American people, to themselves and their posterity, is to make money. Its natural conclusion is that, in the present juncture, their duty is to make more money, by forcing open the channels of trade with the Central Powers. The means recommended to attain this end are simple, and not entirely unfamiliar.

> The Allies have placed with us somewhere between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 of arms and equipment orders. That is the precise measure of the power that we have over them. . . . There need be no formal session of Congress to declare an arms embargo. The State Department need only intimate that the Administration is prepared to call such a session, and the result will be attained. A word to the wise, from the wise and the powerful, is sufficient.
>
> Should the impossible happen and should it be necessary to declare an arms embargo, the country would by no means be plunged in ruin. England could not fight us; that would mean to starve herself. In bringing our own armament up to date, our Government coud afford to employ the country's arms capacity whose contracts with the Allies would be broken.
>
> That is more than impossible. England would know that an arms embargo might be followed by a food embargo, if necessary to attain our rights. These rights are so incontestable, and this means of attaining them is so in accord with even the letter of international law, that a country which has

pawned with us its military future would not think of losing so precious a pledge.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Star Rover. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Jack London is the professional strong man of American fiction. What he adores and strives to exemplify is raw vitality working its will among a race of weaklings. Strength, brute strength, plus human will—whether to conquer or to endure—is his favorite theme. He has theories besides, to be laboriously enforced; principal among them, by a not unfamiliar paradox, the theory of human brotherhood. But it is to be noted that his socialistic novels are chiefly occupied with those acts of violence by which downtrodden man is to assert his birthright. What he is really convinced of is that the men of our so-called civilization, stripped of their hypocrisies and their parlor tricks, are much like those creatures of the prime and slime whom he loves to picture—naked, on all fours, rending, conquering, obscene. The truth is, this writer's imagination, with all its affectation of breadth, is singularly narrow and vulgar. His hero, however dressed, is always the same navvy, primarily a champion of himself, good-natured unless opposed—when he "sees red" and performs sanguinary prodigies with his fists.

The Darrell Standing of this book may seem an exception. He is not a big man or a fighting man, but a college professor who has murdered an associate and been sent to the prison of San Quentin as a "lifer." But the deed has been done in a moment of that "red wrath" which has persisted in him from the prime and slime. After long imprisonment it seizes him again, he bloodies the nose of a prison guard, and is condemned to be hanged therefor. For the most part, though, as we see him in his own person, he represents his brute ancestors negatively, through his stupendous powers of endurance. Here is an excellent opportunity to paint the horrors of prison life. Darrell Standing is shown as the victim of deliberate and long-standing cruelty. He is falsely accused by a "stool" of complicity in a plot to blow up the prison. To extort confession, he is subjected periodically to the torture of the "jacket," in which he is confined from a day to ten days at a time. A fellow "solitary" has, by knuckle-rapping, taught him how to induce the "little death," a suspension of animation while in the jacket. During these periods his spirit learns to detach itself from the body and to travel back through the ages, reliving many of its former incarnations. Here is plenty of chance for the positive propaganda of the gospel of strength. If Darrell Standing is not now a six-footer or a bully, he has been both many times under other names. We hear his adventures as a seacuny (whatever that is) marrying a Korean princess; a captain under Pilate; a castaway, and so on—of these in detail, a handful chosen out of his thousands of embodied experiences. All well enough as a not too fresh flight of fancy—if it were not so hopelessly vulgarized in the handling, did not so patently call for some such title as "The Immortality of a Bounder."

Lawrence Clavering. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is another instance of machine-made historical romance. It is impossible to think that the author, who has had some experience at this kind of thing, can have believed heartily in what he was doing, unless as a commodity which might be sold to a certain class of customers. Nor can we think that he has much respect for that class. He chooses as historical material the Jacobite phase which culminated at Preston. Figures like Bolingbroke and the exiled King himself are propped up in corners of the scene. It is all very perfunctory, this part of it. The real thing is the personal-adventure-and-heart-interest element, which concerns the gentleman whose name gives a title to the book, and a maiden hight Dorothy Curwen. He does a good deal of moving about with swords, letters, and things; narrowly escapes disaster by way of intrigue with a married woman; is pursued by the villain as actively and ruthlessly as that gentleman's rag-and-straw constitution permits; and in the end, after the failure of the Cause, escapes to France with his lady, and there lives out his years as contentedly as an exile may. It is the kind of story which flourishes upon our boasted high level of workmanship.

The Crown of Life. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why is it that there seems to be something quaintly amateurish about the choice of Beacon Street and the Frog Pond as a setting for fiction? Is it because no novel of the first order has ever had that setting? The same thing might be said of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. Is it that current fashion prescribes the metropolitan scene? Chicago and Philadelphia and Indianapolis and Pittsburgh are all natural enough settings nowadays. Only Boston fails to make itself credible as a place where real people live, where real action comes off. Judge Grant's "The Chippendales" made something like a sensation as a book which assiduously attempted to novelize the Hub. But he did not really succeed in vitalizing it either there or in his later story, "The High Priestess." In the present novel a similar attempt is made by a relatively fresh hand. Much of the action, to be sure, takes place in and about Paris. But the chief persons, with the exception of the French playwright, Dartex, belong to the Bostonian environment. None of them is of the strict Brahmin type, which is a relief; but the hero, Jerome Defoe, is a Harvard professor, and the heroine, Ruth Hollworthy, of the bluest blood in the distinguished old village of "East Westley." The girl, like Judge Grant's "high priestess," is extremely and consciously modern. At a very early age she learns to be impudent and condescending towards all seniors and persons in supposed authority. At seventeen she insists on leaving East Westley and her guardian aunts for Boston and a good-natured but inefficient chaperon. Here, in a semi-Bohemian circle, she cuts her little dash, flirts with all male things available, and is presently rescued from eloping with a Harvard freshman by Professor Jerome, who, for no discoverable reason, has already half fallen in love with her. She then takes her chaperon to Paris, is saved from giving herself to the fascinating Dartex by the chance discovery that he is *not* married, and, after a penitential return to East Westley, is in due time appropriated by the didactic but reasonably complaisant professor. The truth is, she is, with all her boasted knowledge of Verlaine, Shaw, Strindberg, and Ibsen, simply a minx. Professor Jerome's first impression of her, that what she needs is spanking, is more correct than conclusive. In a way, she gets that much from fate; but whatever this excellent process may be capable of doing for a minx, we doubt its power to convert her into "a really great woman." And Professor Jerome is rather an ass.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The cult of child-fiction, fiction about the child for grown-ups, is still followed by many English writers. From the American point of view, the odd thing is that so many of them are men. It again points the fact that British reticence and unemotionalism, if they still belong to England's manners as a nation, do not belong to her current writers. In exuberance, whether of wit, sentiment, or fancy, the Briton now beats the Yankee hollow. This is a book of fancy and sentiment spun about three English children named Judy, Tim, and Maria; their country home and pets; a retired colonel, who is all that his rôle requires; an Uncle Felix, who is said to be a novelist, but who seems to have nothing to do but play elaborate games of make-believe with the infants; a tramp, who has some such symbolic part (as far as we make it out) as Ibsen's Button-moulder; and various personified aspects of nature, such as the Night-wind, the Wood without a Centre, and so on. They are all upon the quest of a mysterious Stranger, who, we suppose, stands for Happiness or Truth. In the end, after many pages of being childlike in an elaborate way, and after a vast deal of wandering (not to say maundering) about, quite without warning they all fall into a species of trance, during which something or other is revealed to them, if not to us. "Their hearts opened curiously, they saw wonder growing like a flower inside—the exquisite wonder of common things. There was something they were looking for, but they had found it. The flower of wonder

blossomed there before their eyes, explaining the world, but not explaining it away, explaining simply that it was wonderful beyond all telling. They all knew suddenly what they didn't know they knew; they understood what nobody understands." So there we are, or thereabouts. Is it all very deep or very trite? That is a question we do not ask of "Water-Babies" or "Alice in Wonderland." They, too, are full of quaint fancies, but there is something bigger than fancy at the back of them.

IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The Life of Henry Laurens. With a Sketch of the Life of Lieut.-Col. John Laurens. By David Duncan Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Of the men of character and ability who figured prominently in the American Revolution, there are few whom historians have neglected more than Henry Laurens. Professor Wallace, undertaking some years ago to prepare a sketch for the Library of Southern Literature, found in the MSS. of Laurens in the South Carolina Historical Society "an unworked treasure field." He was soon aware, as he says in the preface, that "here was a great and good man who had lain for a century in an unjust neglect. My quickened interest . . . was equalled by my affectionate esteem for the man. I determined to write his life. I hope I have succeeded in bringing from neglect . . . a man whom Professor Tyler calls 'the noblest Roman of them all—the unsurpassed embodiment of the proudest, finest, wittiest, most efficient, and most chivalrous Americanism of his time.'"

To admire his subject is a great advantage for a biographer who is also a thorough and conscientious scholar. A good scholar Professor Wallace certainly is. He has searched all the unprinted material, and has spared no pains to attain accuracy in every detail. There are a few misprints, and in at least one material point the author has not made use of the latest research. Following Professor Turner, he says that after 1763 France "adopted as her American policy enlarging her West Indian possessions and recovering Louisiana" (p. 279). It has recently been pretty well demonstrated that this was not the case, and in particular that the Memoir attributed to Vergennes and printed in 1802, upon which Professor Turner relied, is spurious. (Phillips, "The West in the American Revolution," 31; Corwin, "American Historical Review," XXI, 38.)

This is a small matter, however, and it is quite true that Professor Wallace's admiration for Laurens has proved entirely compatible with excellent scholarship. Nevertheless, the author has been led, perhaps through the laudable desire to rescue his subject from neglect, to view his task in a way which we are bound to think unfortunate. Professor Wallace brings Laurens, as it were, before the bar of history, examines his conduct, impartially no doubt, and on the basis of the fullest evidence, and then renders a decision. The result, after laying down the book, is that one thinks of Laurens not so much as a certain type of man who in a given environment very naturally pursued a certain line of conduct, but rather as a man who met this situation in the right way and that situation in the wrong way; a man, in fact, whom Posterity should commend for supporting Washington against the Conway cabal, but should condemn for supporting Lee against Deane. No doubt in the world, the verdict is ordinarily equitable; but it is an unpleasant experience being brought into court, even if you are cleared. For writing a substantial life of Laurens no excuse is needed; and we wish it had never occurred to the author to ask whether his subject had been neglected by most historians and traduced by a few, or whether he was to be found on the right side or the wrong side of any question. If the material is skilfully managed, and the story well told, the reader may be left to make his own judgments.

It is perhaps true that Professor Wallace often fails to command his material, pushes into prominence minor details which should be strictly subordinated, and in general is no great master of the biographical art. Nevertheless, from his too detailed story the man Laurens does emerge pretty clearly, after all. If he was not quite all that Professor Tyler pictured him, he was at least an upright and a downright man, of immense practical sense, frugal and laborious, and eminently successful in business, a democrat by inheritance and temperament whose wealth placed him with the aristocrats; possessed of initiative, independent and self-reliant in a high degree, yet always acting with great caution and deliberation; an eminently just man, who never "kicked a man when he was down," as our author well says, but who "was accustomed very plainly to make him understand how he came to be down and just how badly down he was"; a "tough-minded" conservative enlisted in spite of himself in a progressive and revolutionary cause.

For the student of the Revolution the life of Laurens is of first-rate importance in revealing those influences which drove so many naturally conservative men into open revolt. His position on the Stamp Act was much the same as that of Hutchinson; without denying the legality of the act, he opposed it as impolitic and unnecessary. Yet he was strongly opposed to all forms of popular violence, and very apprehensive of the growing influence of the unfranchised classes. Laurens was no doctrinaire, contending for liberty in the abstract, or humanitarian sentimentalist yearning for the golden age of fraternity and equality. With the world as he found it about 1765 he was quite content. What was it that drove this hard-headed business man into rebellion? Not any burden on his pocket, certainly, nor any devotion to formal doctrines of political liberty, but rather the growing conviction that Americans were a superior people, capable of managing their own affairs better than any other country could do it for them.

One of the determining influences in giving Laurens this conviction was his contact with the corrupt and incompetent customs and Admiralty officials sent out from England. From 1769, when he compiled a pamphlet on "some general observations on American Customs-House Officers and Courts of Admiralty," Laurens "thought and said such things as he had never said before. It was for him the birth of a new Americanism." This new Americanism was profoundly strengthened during the years (1771-1774) of his residence in England, where he had taken his two boys to be educated. Laurens, like so many of the later Loyalist exiles, was shocked and disgusted at the frivolity and immorality of high-class English society. Here in England itself he discovered "how unworthy of ruling over any upright and moral people were the English governing classes." It is significant that he could not find a satisfactory school in London, and ended by taking his boys to Geneva. Among the causes of the American Revolution none is indeed more important, and few have been more neglected by historians, than the rapid growth of this conviction that it was an absurdity for an industrious, moral, and intelligent people to be longer governed by men whom they could not respect, and by methods which they held in profound contempt.

THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.

Canada's Federal System. By A. H. F. Lefroy. Toronto: Carswell Co.

This treatise on Canadian Constitutional law under the British North American Act is intended primarily for the lawyer. It deals with questions which have given rise to actual litigation, and answers them in the terms of judicial decisions. It subordinates theory to experience, and cites in support of every proposition concrete cases which have been disposed of by the courts. Yet the book is intelligible, instructive, interesting to every student of political institutions, whether lawyer or layman.

Its introductory chapter contains seventy "leading Constitutional propositions," presenting an excellent syllabus of the work. From this we learn that one of the most important doctrines in Canadian Constitutional law is that the entire fabric rests upon a statute—the British North American Act of 1867. The Canadian Federation was not formed by the voluntary act of independent and sovereign states, but resulted from an Act of the British Parliament. It is true, this statute was not imposed by the arbitrary will of Parliament, but was asked for by the confederated provinces. Still, Canada's federal system is created and controlled by this statute. It follows that "the state of legislation and the legislative powers exercised in the various provinces prior to confederation" possess little value in determining what powers may be exercised now by

the National Legislature of the Dominion or by the local Legislatures of the provinces. Questions of that sort are to be determined by the language of the British North American Act. That language is to be construed and expounded in accordance with the rules applicable to other statutes.

Thus construed, the Act is seen to secure to the national Government of the Dominion much greater power than our national Government possesses. In the language of its preamble, its purpose is to create a "Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom." The Dominion Government is not one of enumerated powers, with a reservation of all other governmental authority to the provinces or to the people. It is sovereign and unlimited as to matters pertaining to the "peace, order, and good government of Canada." It is not hampered by prohibitions upon the taking of private property without due process of law, or upon the enactment of *ex post facto* laws, or laws impairing the obligation of contracts. Nor does it secure to courts the rights of nullifying legislative acts. In the language of our author—

> It is not competent for any court, when once an act is passed by either the Dominion Parliament or by a Provincial Legislature in respect to any matter over which it has jurisdiction to legislate, to pronounce the act invalid because it may affect injuriously private rights, any more than it would be competent for the courts in England, for the like reason, to refuse to give effect to a like act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

Again, the North American Act goes much farther than does our Constitution in centralizing power in the national Government. This is the result of deliberate planning, because the framers of that act believed that our Civil War had shown grievous defects in our Federal system. Accordingly, they secured to the central Government exclusive control over all commerce, whether interprovincial or intra-provincial. Like legislative authority was given to the central government over bills of exchange and promissory notes, over banking and paper money, over corporations, except those "with provincial objects," over marriage and divorce, and various other topics which, with us, are regulated by State legislation.

Perhaps the most important respect in which the Canadian federal system differs from ours is its subordination to the British Crown. Here is a device which serves a two-fold purpose: it prevents the Dominion or a province from trenching upon the legal rights of the other, and it guards against legislation by either which is seriously hostile to imperial interests. The imperial connection is preserved, so that Canada feels itself a vital part of the great British Empire, while it is free to manage its domestic affairs in its own way. Under its present Constitution, Canada is realizing Lord Elgin's dream in becoming "such a country as might so fill the imagination and satisfy the aspiration of its sons, that the danger of absorption with its great neighbor might be forever set to rest."

ESSAYS OF A. C. BENSON.

Escape, and Other Essays. By A. C. Benson. New York: The Century Co. $1.50 net.

It is now customary for English writers to apologize for offering the public anything but the war-talk which is human nature's daily food, and at which, to tell the truth, the author does not commonly disconcert us by inhuman display of skill. We gather that most of the essays here collected were written before the war began; there are but few incidental allusions to it in their course. They essay rather to divert the mind from present horrors to larger and more permanent aspects of human life. "I regard war," says Mr. Benson in his Introduction, "as I regard an outbreak of pestilence; the best way to resist it is not to brood over it, but to practice joy and health. . . . To brood over the war, to spend our time in disentangling its intricate causes, seems to me a task for future historians. But a lover of peace, confronted by the hideousness of war, does best to try, if he can, to make plain what he means by peace and why he desires it."

Something of the kind Mr. Benson tries to do here, less by argument than by suggestion. His themes are flotsam upon the still deep current of life which war can soil or even dam for the moment, but which is bound to assert and purify itself as it flows on. Several of the papers, such as "Escape," "Sunset," "Herb Moly and Heartsease," give expression to the writer's gentle and reflective, and, according to one's mood, mildly bracing or mildly enervating philosophy. It is blamelessly narcotic: one takes a Benson essay as one takes a cup of tea, without quite knowing whether one is in for a stimulant or a sedative. Another group of essays is of the "literary" sort ("The New Poets," "Walt Whitman," "Authorship," "Literature and Life"). Still others display the touch of superstition, or, if you will, interest in the supernatural, which belongs to Mr. Benson almost as markedly as it belonged to Monsignor Benson, his brother. "Dreams," "The Visitant," and "That Other One" record inner experiences beyond the Horatian philosophy. As in all this writer's work, there is much that is freely personal and autobiographical. If we do not know Benson the schoolmaster, the mystic, the writer, it is not his fault. In the present essay on "Authorship" he frankly owns himself an *improvisatore*. He knows nothing of the labor of writing, since with him it is a perfectly spontaneous and almost automatic process. "I do not recollect having ever forced myself to write," he declares, "except under stress of illness; nor do I ever recollect its being anything but the purest pleasure from beginning to end. . . . I owe to it the happiest and brightest experiences of life, to which no other pleasure is even dimly comparable." The method, he admits, has its perils, but he does not admit that hard writing makes easy reading.

Certainly, the charm and merit of Mr. Benson's writing is in its quality as prose rather than in its content. His style has the gracious and elusive quality of eloquence, the rapid and effortless and faultless flow, which is so rare a thing in English—Hazlitt, Ruskin, to whom else among moderns does one's mind turn in this connection? Such a style is itself substance: we shall remember Mr. Benson less for his dreams and fancies than for the clear beauty of such passages as this from "Sunset": "The dawn has its own splendors, but it brightens out of secret mists and folded clouds into the common light of day, when the burden must be resumed and the common business of the world renewed again. But the sunset wanes from glory and majesty into the stillness of the star-hung night, when tired eyes may close in sleep, and rehearse the mystery of death; and so the dying down of light, with the suspension of daily activities, is of the nature of a benediction."

Notes

Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of New England" will be published by the Macmillan Co. on November 10.

"Contemporary Belgian Literature," by Jethro Bithell, has been published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London.

Harper & Bros. announce the forthcoming publication of "Acres of Diamonds," by Russell H. Conwell; "Treasure Island" (Louis Rhead edition), and "The American Claimant" and "Roughing It," by Mark Twain, in the Limp-Leather.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces for publication this month "Voice Culture and Nerve Respiration," by Jutta Bell-Ranske, and the following volumes by Gabriele d'Annunzio: "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgin of the Rocks," "The Victim," "The Flame of Life," "The Child of Pleasure."

The following books are announced for publication this month by George H. Doran Co.: "These Twain," the completion of Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger" trilogy; "The World's Highway," by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," by Baroness Orczy; "Old Judge Priest," by Irvin S. Cobb; "Through Terror to Triumph," by David Lloyd George; "The Dreamer of Dreams," by "Carmen Sylva"; "Kings, Queens, and Pawns," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Over There," by Arnold Bennett, with etchings by Walter Hale; "Between St. Dennis and St. George," by Ford Madox Hueffer; "Mr. Doctor-Man," by Helen S. Woodruff.

"Through a Dartmoor Window" (Longmans, Green; $1.50 net) is the second moor book of the author, Miss Beatrice Chase. Her first, "The Heart of the Moor," would seem to have pleased a considerable audience. The present volume is, she says, an answer to the prayer of her admirers for something more of the same kind. We wonder whether they had never heard of the moor country till she told them about it, or were simply taken with her ingenuous enthusiasm. One might think, from

the evidence of these pages, that she had discovered Dartmoor and its folk. Nowhere is there allusion to any of the writers, even Phillpotts or Trevena, who have made Dartmoor, one would think, as familiar to the general reader as any place in England. Coming to the moor at first as a visitor and later as a resident, Miss Chase prides herself upon having gone "moor-mad" and, by virtue thereof, qualified herself to expound the district to all comers. The most irritating thing about the book to an old moor-lover, we should think, would be its air of kindly patronage. The writer, indeed, is a female egoist, who thinks it greatly to Dartmoor's credit that it has inspired her with a grand passion. Worthy in itself, it is admirable as an occasion for her sprightly wit and somewhat conscious charm. In short, the book displays that peculiar sort of sentimental-humorous writing which so evidently appeals to a vast number of feminine readers. It is true that even a man may, if he has patience, find it amusing in spots.

Paul Delannoy's "L'Université de Louvain" (Paris: Picard; 3 fr. 50) bears welcome testimony, in a time of passionate manifestoes and professorial rage, to the survival of the academic tradition of dignity and calm. The tempestuous history of the institution, outlined by its librarian in a series of six lectures delivered before the College of France in February last, muffles the note of indignation without hesitating to name barbarism as a phenomenon. The losses in the recent burning of the library are for the most part referred to by some such phrase as "we used to possess." A detailed description is reserved until such time as the town shall be liberated. Several unfinished catalogues must be regretted; that of the 300 incunabula, for instance, the notes for which were burned in the librarian's house, and that of the old theological collection with its unnumbered letters and pamphlets published in the height of the Jansenist and other agitations. Fortunately a small part only of the archives were destroyed. The rest owe their preservation to their removal during the invasion of the French in 1794; they remain scattered at Brussels, Altona, Haaren, Beveren-Waes, and Ghent. Some collections, apparently, survived the fire of 1914; for example, the inedited letters of Sir Thomas More received from the Schollaert estate, publication of which we are told to expect soon. But the losses were inestimable. The ashes of the fourteenth century building (the old Cloth Workers' Hall), of the 300,000 volumes and manuscripts, of the portraits and the various accumulation of five centuries were enriched, grimly enough, by a valuable library of Germanic philology.

Louvain has been celebrated from the first for its theological teaching and especially for its persistently orthodox Roman Catholicism. It admitted Jansen to the doctorate, made him professor, and in his later years rector, without permanently sharing the reproof which overtook his doctrine. To Erasmus it was a preferred asylum, which yet failed to shield his studies from polemic challenge. In Adrian VI, the "Dutch Pope," it supplied a reforming pontiff. It played an important part at the Council of Trent. Mr. Delannoy draws genial portraits of its distinguished scholars. The long story of the moral lesson Justus Lipsius, editor of Tacitus, read in his class room to his visitors, Albert and Isabel, the "archdukes," was worth reviving. But a word more of the less known men would have pointed the text. Adriaan van Roomen, the mathematician, had some lively encounters with his adversary and host, Vieta. Gemma-Frisius, who is also named, made his ingenuity in cosmography of great use to navigators on the long voyage to the newly-discovered Americas. What was the new method, anticipating or analogous to that of Alciati in Italy and Cujas in France, which Mudaeus de Brecht brought to the study of the civil law? The reader is left to infer that he expounded the law itself in the light of its contemporary civilization rather than its commentators in the light of one another. The statement that Jean Minckelers, professor of physics, succeeded in 1783 in obtaining illuminating gas from coal before similar successes in London and Paris, neglects by implication though not literally the British claims of Stephen Hales in 1726 and Dr. John Clayton in 1691. Vesalius is usually regarded as of the Italian school of anatomists. It is well to be reminded of his Flemish birth and early schooling. Brussels had planned last year to celebrate his 400th anniversary. It is well, while we are so much obsessed by the power of shrapnel, to be reminded of the power and spiritual momentum of the university, to note in the honorable example of Louvain how freely our own ideals of patriotism and national self-respect flourish in the discipline of learned studies.

"The Voyages of Captain Scott" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net) is a volume of four hundred pages, retold by Charles Turley from "The Voyage of the Discovery" and "Scott's Last Expedition." Sir J. M. Barrie contributes an introduction, giving an account of Scott's early life and bringing out effectively his transition from a boy of delicate health, dreamy mind, indolent habits, and uncertain temper into a young naval officer with a soundness of physique, an alertness of mind, an energy, and a power of self-control exceptional even in the British navy. The story of his Antarctic work, with its absorbing adventures, its large achievements, and its tragic ending, is virtually all here, and it is to be hoped that its healthful mental and moral tonic will find its way to a wide circle of readers. Of course, the magnificent photographic illustration that marked the original volumes has had to be largely sacrificed to the laudable purpose of putting the story before the people at a popular price, but about a score of full-page photographic plates have been retained, with several of the colored plates.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "Dog Stars" (Doran; $1.50), as she calls her stories of "three luminaries in the dog world," purports to be true biography, and no doubt these canine characters are as near to the truth as is that of many human beings who walk with impeccable saintliness through the pages written by surviving wife or daughter. We have known dogs who were wise and brave and gentle, perfect in all those qualities that go to the making of the καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθός; but they were still dogs, as a gentleman is still a man, and we no more believe in the hypercynic virtues of Mrs. O'Connor's Max than we believe in the veracity of George Washington. However, that is neither here nor there. Max is still very much a dog beneath his miraculous attributes, and he had many notable experiences which deserved high chronicling. A good part of London knew and loved him, and with serene impartiality his paw scratched at all doors:

> . . . aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres.

For instance:

One evening Monsieur Wolff was playing at Buckingham Palace for Queen Victoria, and Max slipped by the sentry, met his friend at the palace entrance, and the lackeys laughed to see him enter the hall and seat himself in a chair of great antiquity.

"There is one member of your family who is a Tory and a loyal subject of the Queen," said a Cabinet Minister to me. "I met him the other evening at Buckingham Palace. Did the Lord Chamberlain send Max a card?"

"No," I said, "his invitation miscarried; but being recognized as a gentleman of charming manners, he was, I hear, made entirely welcome."

"When I saw him he was receiving at the door, and shaking hands with everybody who stopped to speak to him," said the first Lord of the Admiralty. "He'll bring T. P. into the right fold yet."

Mrs. O'Connor has written a charming book. A child who reads it will ask his father with wide-open eyes whether it is all true; and, being told that it is true enough, will go back to the pages in delight. But it was not written for children alone.

Volume V of the "Writings of John Quincy Adams," edited by Worthington C. Ford (Macmillan; $3.50), covers the calendar years 1814-15 and the first three months of 1816. The correspondence opens with Adams still at St. Petersburg, impatiently awaiting, as were his colleagues, Gallatin and Bayard, official confirmation of their appointments as commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace. The peace proposals of Russia had been rejected by Great Britain, and Adams had small hope of an early settlement. The tone of the English press, and both the tone and the substance of the English military dispatches from America, evoked his vigorous condemnation. Moreover, he was passing his fifth winter at St. Petersburg, where he found the climate very trying, and was anxious to return home. His salary was too small to allow him to employ a confidential clerk, and he was forced to do much writing and copying with his own hand. The tedious course of the peace negotiations, finally begun at Ghent in August, 1814, is fully treated in the correspondence; and the editor has been able to include the early drafts of a number of papers whose final forms only were previously available in print. Adams was pessimistic almost to the last; at the end of September he expected indefinite delay, and a month later, with the Congress of Vienna in session, could see "no prospect whatever" of peace. On November 10, however, a draft treaty was submitted to the British commissioners, and on December 24 the definitive treaty was signed. At the end of January he started for Paris, where his old friends gave him a cordial, though unofficial, welcome, and where he later witnessed some of the stirring events of the Hundred Days. On February 28 he was appointed Minister to Great Britain, but he did not learn of the appointment until April 5, and did not reach London until May 25. His letters from London throw important light upon the history of the commercial convention of 1815 with Great Britain, and upon the unsuccessful efforts to open the West Indian trade. Scattered through the preponderating mass of political correspondence are a number of letters in which he gives entertaining descriptions of his daily routine, and others in which he pays his respects to the Unitarian movement then mak-

ing itself felt in Massachusetts. Priestley's "Socrates and Jesus Compared," printed at Philadelphia in 1803, he voted "a wretched performance. Socrates and Jesus! a farthing candle and the Sun! I pray you to read Masillon's sermon upon the divinity of Christ, and then the whole New Testament; after which be a Socinian if you can" (p. 362).

In the fifth edition of the late Charles A. Conant's standard work on the "History of Modern Banks of Issue" (Putnam; $3.50 net), the author treats of the new conditions in American banking as created by the enactment of the Federal Reserve act of December 23, 1913. The explanation is so lucid as to give the average reader easy command of the general principles of a highly technical subject. This style is well illustrated by the references to the Federal Reserve Board and the summary of its "sweeping powers" which made it possible for the group of seven men to exercise the extraordinary influence that they exerted in the trying days which followed the outbreak of the European war. The description of the discount market, which is stated to be the "overshadowing feature" of the plan, and the explanation of the note-issuing powers of the Federal Reserve Banks, together with the provisions for the government bonds owned by the national banks, is admirable. The reference to the possibilities, under the new law, of extending American banking facilities in foreign fields will appeal with force to the heads of banks in the large reserve cities. The last chapter is devoted to the European crisis and the part played by the great banks of Europe in quelling the disturbance. The author goes sufficiently into detail to quote what the banks did to allay panic and to meet the complications incident to the temporary deadlock in the markets for foreign exchange. He shows complete grasp of the problems which confronted the banks at that time, and concisely states the measures of relief undertaken by each bank to protect its home market. Mr. Conant is no less happy in stating what was done by bankers of this country to avert panic and protect their gold reserves. The excellence of the other twenty-five chapters is too well known to require extended comment. This new edition notes the changes that have been made in the charters of the banks of France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. It also brings up to date the statistics relating to those countries. The work as a whole is unique, and with the added matter, the revised edition will be of increasing value to students and others interested in banking conditions throughout the world.

What promises to be a series of Elizabethan Club Reprints, issued by the Yale University Press, begins auspiciously with an edition of "Common Conditions" ($2.50), by Prof. Tucker Brooke. A "lamentable comedy," published in 1576 and presumably written not long before, "Common Conditions" sets forth in carefully rimed fourteeners the adventures by land and sea of an exiled prince and of two pairs of lovers; and if in the wake of some lost romance it comes to no very satisfactory conclusion, it is for no lack of activity on the part of the wily "Vice," Common Conditions. The basis of the present text is the quarto which recently made its way from Lord Mostyn's ancestral library into the possession of the Elizabethan Club at Yale. This copy has nearly five hundred lines at the beginning and end which do not appear in the fragmentary Chatsworth-Huntington copy, belonging really to another edition, which was reprinted, with some imperfections, by Brandl. This play, by reason of its resemblances to "Sir Clyamon and Sir Clamydes" and to Preston's "Cambises," raises some interesting questions of authorship which Professor Brooke discusses without dogmatizing. The black-letter page is, on the whole, fairly readable. The notes run a little into diffuseness.

Music and Drama.

BOSTON OPERA AND PAVLOWA BALLET.

Home-made opera in Boston came to an end because the men of wealth who for several years made up the inevitable deficits refused to do so any longer. That the organization contained enough good material to deserve a longer life has been made evident in New York by the performances given last week at the Manhattan Opera House by a company consisting largely of artists who had been heard in the Boston Opera House. To strengthen them, the manager, Max Rabinoff, procured the coöperation of Anna Pavlowa and her Russian Ballet—that, at any rate, was what the public came to believe; but it is rumored that Mme. Pavlowa is in reality the backer of the enterprise, and that the plan of a "merger" originated with her, she being anxious to show what can be done with the ballets which occur in "Carmen," "Faust" and other operas. So far as "Carmen" is concerned, she did so; yet one suspects that her chief ambition was not to dance in grand operas so much as to appear as a dumb actress in Auber's opera, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," in which the part of Fenella, the dumb sister of a Neapolitan fisherman, is assigned to a dancer who, to atone for the absence of song and speech, has to express her thoughts and feelings by eloquent gestures and facial expression.

It cannot be said that the great Russian dancer added to her stature by this particular experiment. There was too much exaggeration in her gestures and movements, and her make-up and appearance as Fenella were not such as would make a prince seek her favors. But it was interesting to hear this opera again, after an interval of two decades, for it is brimful of bright French melodies, and its orchestral score is of historic importance as the first specimen of pantomimic music. Auber, having to do without song and speech when Fenella acts, was obliged to make the orchestra attempt to speak a definite language for her; and he succeeded so well that Richard Wagner not only referred to his opera in terms of superlative praise, but adopted the method for many details in his musical dramas.

Of the other operas performed by Mr. Rabinoff's organization the one most worthy of note was "Madama Butterfly," because the heroine of it was a genuine Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, who proved to be, like Sada Yacco, not only an actress of great ability—she made the story of the child-wife, deserted by her American lover, very pathetic—but a singer with a voice (except in the middle register) of unusual beauty, volume, and fervor. She was enthusiastically applauded, as was her companion, Riccardo Martin, the American Caruso, who is, of course, still a member of the Metropolitan Company, but has for the present joined hands with Mr. Rabinoff's forces. It should be added that in the matter of ensemble these performances left little to be desired, and that the scenic backgrounds of Mr. Urban deserved all the praise they got in Boston.

America's oldest orchestral association, the Philharmonic, rejuvenated, improved, and now unsurpassed by any orchestra in America—or Europe, where the war has made sad havoc in the ranks of the players—opened its seventy-fourth season with a concert which followed the motto "America First," the opening piece being Edward MacDowell's symphonic poem, "Launcelot and Elaine." It is an early work, in which our foremost composer had not yet quite found himself, yet there are enchanting details. The Philharmonic had never before played it. Another novelty, and a recent one, was Max Reger's set of Variations on a Theme by Mozart (from his sonata in A major for harpsichord). This, like MacDowell's piece and the fourth symphony of Tchaikovsky, was applauded most cordially, as it ends brilliantly with a fugue culminating in a stirring climax; but the variations are tedious. One suspects sometimes that this most prolific of German composers must have a machine for turning out variations and other music, somewhat like a Tibetan prayer-wheel.

German composers, old and new, had a monopoly of the programme interpreted in Aeolian Hall last week by Johanna Gadski. This dramatic soprano, now unexcelled as interpreter of Brünnhilde, Isolde, and other Wagnerian parts, is one of the few famous opera singers who hold their own in the concert hall equally well. On this occasion nervousness marred her first number, an aria from "Don Giovanni"; but with the second song, Schumann's dramatic "Woldesgespräch," she began to recover, and soon revealed the rare beauty of her voice in well-chosen favorites by Franz, Liszt, Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, and others. Another opera singer who is heard to advantage in concert halls is Nellie Melba, who sang in Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon. Her voice, which has in recent months earned tens of thousands in behalf of war victims, retains its bloom to an astonishing degree. Like Adelina Patti, she was blessed with a voice naturally so beautiful that even injudicious teaching could not mar it, and she bids fair to remain a source of pleasure to concert-goers for as many years as Lilli Lehmann.

Of the pianists heard, the two greatest were Percy Grainger and Harold Bauer. Mr.

Bauer held a recital at which he gave prominence to the intellectual type of music as illustrated by the works of Brahms and César Franck; yet he also revealed the romantic charms of Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood," a group of short pieces which has lately come again into favor, and he played Debussy's "Estampes" with the requisite delicacy. Mr. Grainger as a pianist of the impetuous kind, revelled in the bold, virile rhythms of the first of Tchaikovsky's concertos, which he played with the Damrosch Orchestra. It was, in its way, as remarkable a performance as his playing, last season, of Grieg's concerto, which led an eminent patron of music to declare: "He is the greatest of them all."

HENRY T. FINCK.

Lewis Waller, whose death was announced on Monday, occupied a prominent place among English actors for a good many years, and for a long term was a reigning matinée favorite. A good face and figure, spirited and graceful action, and an excellent voice were valuable qualifications in modern comedy and romantic or heroic parts. In early youth he was selected to play Orlando to the Rosalind of Modjeska in the English provinces, and created a favorable impression. In 1887, when only twenty-seven, he was playing Ernest Vane in "Masks and Faces," in London, with Kate Vaughan. He was associated with John Hare and W. H. Kendal at the London St. James's Theatre, and later supported Julia Neilson in "Pygmalion and Galatea." After a season with Wilson Barrett and another with Mrs. Langtry, he was engaged by Beerbohm Tree to play Orestes in "Hypatia," after which he appeared, under his own direction, in several of Wilde's comedies. With Mr. Morell, at the London Shaftesbury, he produced "The Manxman," which had a great run. Next he won critical praise and public favor as Hotspur at the Haymarket, and made a hit as D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." He succeeded also as Brutus and Falconbridge. It was as Henry V, however, that he came prominently into public notice. He gave the play a notably fine pictorial production, and won high praise for his picturesque, spirited, and eloquent portrayal of the King. His performance was also the subject of warm critical commendation. He was also exceedingly successful as the hero of "Beaucaire," in which he played many hundreds of times. After appearing in a variety of modern plays, he created a favorable impression as Romeo, and he revived "Othello," playing the Moor himself, with H. B. Irving as his Iago. He won success, also, in "Robin Hood" and as Lagardère in "The Duke's Motto." Mr. Waller was well known and admired in this country, but for some reason did not obtain here the full measure of popular approval extended to him in England. A certain hardness in his mechanism and a lack of eloquence—though not of strength—in emotional passages may have been obstacles to his full success. He won respect and admiration, but did not excite enthusiasm. In none of his work did he reveal any of that subtlety of interpretation or eloquence of expression by which genius is distinguished from ordinary capacity. He was a good, sound actor, who occupied a high place in the list of his contemporaries, but he did not belong in the first rank.

Art

Marius Pictor

THE MODERN SPIRIT IN ITALIAN PAINTING.

By ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

On the face of Marius Pictor one sees nowadays an expression of bewilderment. As he dines at the Café Montin, or sips his coffee at the Florian or at Lavena's, we wonder whether the strain of Venetian life in war-time is too violent for his advancing years, whether his physical strength is adequate to the great sacrifices he is making for Italy's redemption. I came finally to believe that the current experiences of this dean of Italian painters are but those of most Italian men of letters and men of art; save that probably no one more than he has experienced that disorientation of spirit, that disarrangement of intellectual and ethical values, that sense of partial detachment from the past, which the world war has in a measure produced in every one.

It is a bewilderment that promises as much as it pains. And the proof is to see Marius Pictor in the presence of D'Annunzio. They both have so much in common. It is not only the charm of a long and tender friendship that has lasted now for thirty years—years that for De Maria have brought the completion of his lifework, and for D'Annunzio the growth of full maturity. It is also the identity of their artistic principles, nourished in union through their constant and intimate relation, and applied in works of art mutually appreciated and sustained. It is their love of Venice, the Venice which De Maria sees in the pallor of moonlight, and which D'Annunzio loves in the splendor of the sun. Above all, it is their common pursuit of the new sensation, their common outreaching for the ever fuller exploitation of every faculty of intelligence, of emotion, of imagination, of feeling. The spirit that was imprisoned in the painting of Marius Pictor seems now to move unshackled in the D'Annunzio of the war. It is energy, it is enthusiasm, it is courage, it is emotion that soars, it is thought that penetrates. For D'Annunzio is not bewildered. He knows. He is as certain of the destiny of Italy as he is of the reality of his own existence. He is the Italy of transition, but with far more of the future than of the past. To De Maria, who is as much of the past as of the present, we would wish, as a consolation for these days of anguish, a realization that in a sense D'Annunzio is the goal of his groping, just as D'Annunzio's energy is the solution of his bewilderment.

Is there any friend of Italy who has not felt that for a century past Italian culture has been lolling in a slough of romantic despond? The formal epigones of Jacopo Ortis may have been few, but its ineffective and self-conscious pessimism, its mawkish sensitiveness that patently gloats over the tears it sheds, is as much the artistic motive of Salvatore di Giacomo in 1915 as of the Leopardi of 1840. I recall an Italian epigraph of 1912 which committed to fame an artist whose chief distinction was to have sensed "the immense sorrow of life." The immense sorrow of life is all very real. But one might suggest that Italian literature and Italian art have traded on it long enough. Perhaps the Prussian menace will have proved a blessing if it creates a prospective "sorrow of life" great enough to stir the Italian middle classes to do something about this and other sores afflicting the European social body. Then perchance there will be more D'Annunzios that spring powerful from the joy of living, and the painting of future De Marias will be less trammelled by their origins.

For the painting of Mario de Maria, of Marius Pictor, as he signs his work, is inspired, at least in its most noteworthy examples, by this romantic sentimentality so fundamental in the Italian character. How his titles run! The Monks of the Rotted Eyes, A Palace in the World of Weariness, The Story of a Skeleton Merchant, The Hospital of Contagious Diseases, The Crucifixions of Tripoli, Hunger and Plague in Venice, 1848, Moonshadow, The Serenade of Death, The Decaying Walls of Venice. Wherever we look, the shadow of pathos is thrown across his most personal, his most effective creations. And even in his intuitions of lighter spirit, when there comes from his landscapes or his figures some philosophical suggestion, some allegory of human existence, it is more specifically by life's delusions that his emotion is stirred.

Certainly one of the most beautiful in this latter class is Moonlight on the Tables of an Inn in Rome. This picture has almost the luminousness of daytime. Yet it is one of the secrets of De Maria's art which has brought forth from this scene so dramatic an expression of the glory of night. Seven empty tables with their benches, the tops shining against the garden trees. Beneath them a suggestion, but only a suggestion, of shadow. Nothing more. One bench and one table are slightly out of line, and in this simple detail lies the immense suggestiveness of the picture. For the diners have gone, and with them has forever departed the particular moment, of joy, of comradeship, of beauty, which they enjoyed there. The artist seems to have felt and to have fixed in objective form an emotion that springs from the immenseness of eternity in contrast with the fleeting reality of one moment of human life.

In Umbrian Moonlight there is also no human figure, but the vanity of human pleasure strikes one from the elegant cane and top hat on the ground beside the carriage, that stands in the white and black of a tremendous Roman gateway. Why should Marius Pictor in the full glory of Evening Red project that splendor on the

mourning women who troop with burning candles in the religious procession? Because the power of his spirit shrinks from the banality of the oleograph. A sunset is no sunset till seen by the human eye and assimilated by the human soul in relation to human experience. And is it not the traditional impulse of romanticism that indicates always to De Maria the sadness of that experience?

But there is something paradoxical about the expression of the romantic mood in the works of Marius Pictor. Their tremendous strength invites at once to the philosophical interpretation; and the notion that a work of art must say something seems to have induced an habitual, even if unconscious, intellectual process in the method by which De Maria clarifies and expresses within himself his most powerful intuitions. But when, in response to this invitation, we isolate his sadness of spirit, we seem to feel nevertheless that we have not fully understood, and that what holds us is something deeper and richer than what we gain by inference from his suggestions. One of his pictures which no one can forget, after having seen it once, is The Moon Returning to the Bosom of Its Ancient Mother. Before the moon advancing towards the earth and by its increasing vastness hurling upon humanity a light intenser than the sun's, two torrents are rushing madly into a bottomless abyss, the one a stream of human figures, the other of tumbling water. The parallelism between the two streams is too violently obvious to escape notice, and the fantastic wildness of the whole conception compels the intellect to struggle to an understanding of the artist's thought. There is nothing apocalyptic about this mood: for the terror of this moment is for all, and it matters little whether we belong to the sheep or to the goats. It is all much more pagan. It is the hallucination that destroys. It is the deep, resistless impulses of human nature that hold humanity in the grip of a fearful destiny. It is the serenity of the material world, obedient to the dictates of a love that unites it, before which the turmoil of human passion appears so weak, so inefficient, so small. And then, when we have reached this point in our musings, or indeed some other—for the pictorial symbol is the least certain of guides to logical analysis—we must return with De Maria to sense over again with him the enormous beauty of moonlight, which is never more beautiful than when it is most fraught with loneliness and terror.

Romantic sentimentality is thus only an intellectual, and to this extent a suppositious, element in the painting of Marius Pictor, of which the enduring vitality resides in his direct vision of beauty unphilosophized and felt only as beauty. In his macabraic fancies there figure, we are told, a deep personal sorrow and a temperamental fondness for Edgar Allan Poe. But the genius of De Maria has survived both these influences. Surely, I should feel uncomfortable were I to pass a night in the house of Usher. But I feel also a definite comradeship with those tiny skeletons of Marius Pictor that dance and play about the infected pool of the Palace of Weariness or that gloat over the fallen body of the Merchant of Skeletons. If I should shrink from the handclasp of the Monks of the Rotted Eyes, it would be because I dislike monks with any kind of eyes. And of that girl who lies dying in the pest-house, I can say only that her hair is beautiful, as also are beautiful those bodies that fall from the plague-stricken palaces of Venice. No, it is the virility, the aggressive, active force of De Maria's spirit that gives his paintings an ever fresh modernity, in spite of the sombre romanticism which links them with the past.

And his mythology also, and his architecture, all that magnificence of history which towers before the modern Italian consciousness and too often weighs it down with a sense of its own weakness or inflates it with a futile pride! I remember a painting of a ruined colonnade, brilliant in the sun of afternoon, vanishing in a luxuriance of vines and flowers, among which, in the foreground, red pomegranates shine. Is it a memory of Amalfi, of the Bay of Naples, of some nook of the Sicilian coast? A grinning faun is peering eagerly through the leaves, in pursuit of a snake, perhaps, that moves lightly over the stones. And I remember another picture of a similar classic landscape, but with broader vistas through cypress trees and over the crumbling wall of a Grecian garden. Here, straining in a gigantic leap, a centaur is hurdling in pursuit of a boar, that darts low through the tall grass towards a brook with lilies. These figures of genial fancy have a reality all their own. They are the animation of the landscape, the quivering life and the exultant joy that Marius Pictor sees in the offerings of nature. There is something here more placid than the sensuous reactions of D'Annunzio to light, to sound, to fragrance. It is, however, equally serious, equally vital.

If antiquity likewise is for De Maria as free from pedantry as it is full of life, it is because he approaches it again as ornament pure and simple, or rather as an integral element in landscape, not more impressive than the trees, the fields, the hills themselves. The classic reliefs that nestle by the roadside among the flocks in an Eclogue of the End of a Summer Day, his many temples and colonnades, are filled with all the freshness of new discovery. Above all, they have no cant. And this is true especially of De Maria's Venice. One can understand how a contemporary extremist might find his numerous Venetian subjects offensively photographic. For the lovers of Venice that is precisely their charm. His canals, his palaces, his towers are distorted by no theory of art, nor dimly visioned through some sentimental prejudice. With him the Fondaco de' Turchi returns in Nudentur Mimæ to its grace of line, to the splendor of its crumbling dignity. His many Byzantine arches are frankly clean cut, with the same jewel-like hardness of texture that adds such solidity of effect to the older architecture of the city. This native beauty of Venice De Maria cannot touch. What he contributes is here and there a human figure, imaginary lovers perhaps, as in May Moon, jolly figures of the 1840's, as in Santa Maria Mater Domini, dreamy personages of the Settecento, as in Moon Shadow or in the Decaying Walls of Venice.

But more than this, Venice is always for De Maria, as for D'Annunzio, the city of light, light that burns with fury in the mists of the sunset, or breaks into a thousand streams in the glory of afternoon, light that bathes the city in azure radiance under the full moon, or oozes from every marble projection with a death-like phosphorescence when the waning moon hangs low. This luminousness of Venice was elevated in the "Fuoco" of D'Annunzio to a blazing symbol of the eternity of Venetian beauty and Venetian power. And the poet's imagination paralleled the ancient wedding of Venice with the sea, with a new wedding of Venice with the sun. Was there in this bold conception an apotheosis of modern Italian responsiveness to sensation, a new expression of the yearning of "Roman Elegies" for "a mightier heartbeat, an intenser life"? De Maria with no less cogent genius has brought upon the canvas the wedding of Venice with the moon. It is a less exultant union, surely, more tinged with sorrow, more reserved in tone. But the throb of a mighty life is there, of that new life to which the militant Italy of the present time is more or less consciously aspiring.

Shall we call it a struggle towards freedom from the oppressive memory of a great history, from the inactive contemplation of past delusions? At any rate, there is volition there, a will to confront reality as something forever changing and forever new, to see in life the occasion for action and not simply for brooding. This modern spirit is as definitely foreshadowed in the painting of Marius Pictor as it is triumphantly expressed in D'Annunzio's poetry.

To-day these two poets of modern Italy are together again in Venice, and under conditions so different from the old days in Rome! From the gatherings in the Café Greco of 1885 a new impulse went forth upon Italian art and Italian literature. In the evenings now at Casa Frollo, when the east wind blows, there comes across the water the low rumble of battle on the heights of the Isonzo. Over the face of Marius Pictor floats an expression of bewilderment; over the face of D'Annunzio a flash of joy. And the poet of Pescara has the juster intuition of the two. For he alone, with his more youthful enthusiasm, hears in that sound of conflict the exultant cry of the same spirit which Marius Pictor imprisoned in the canvas, and to which he himself gave freedom in his golden verse!

Finance

THE RAILWAYS AND TRADE REVIVAL.

When the industrial shares were making their perpendicular descent in price, this past week, the railway shares hardly moved. Few of them went below the previous week's figures; some of them stood higher. At the culmination on Thursday of the crash in the "war munition shares," the railway stocks began to move. On Friday their upward movement dominated the market; advances of 3 to 5 per cent., under heavy trading, were numerous.

This rise was a matter of more interest than the frantic speculation in the "war shares" for three reasons—first, because the action of such well-known investment stocks usually reflects the real conditions of prosperity or adversity; then, because their occasional demonstrations of strength have been repeatedly checked by increased selling of Europe's holdings; but next, because a great part of the community has been taught to believe that the railway industry was in desperate straits, and could not share even in a general movement of prosperity.

In this last respect, the case is interesting. Exactly one year ago, the president of the Lackawanna, discussing the railway outlook, said: "Our passenger business has fallen off, which is largely accounted for by stoppage of ocean passenger travel. General merchandise, moreover, is gradually becoming less and less." That very same week the president of the New Haven, explaining the statement of decreased gross earnings given out for the month of September, said that "this decrease is beyond the power of the directors, as it largely reflects depressed business conditions throughout the country." Dividends had already been passed or reduced by old seasoned dividend-paying companies, such as Louisville & Nashville, Atlantic Coast Line, St. Paul, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and many others. The Southern Railway had gone further. In addition to announcing the passing of dividends, the president of that company stated, during the second week of last October, that all wages and salaries would be reduced, his own by 20 per cent.

A general impression existed that these conditions had continued; therefore, even Wall Street started in some surprise when informed this week that the railways which a couple of months ago had reported the largest number of sidetracked cars since 1907 were finding themselves unable to get cars for their shipping customers. That this was a real situation was shown by the instructions, promptly sent out by the Interstate Commerce Commission, showing railways as well as shippers how the more rapid loading, unloading, and moving of the available equipment might remove the freight embargo. Examination of the facts then showed that, while gross earnings of the railways continued to decrease from the previous year in each month until May, a series of monthly gains then began. It has culminated in this week's statement of net earnings for the Pennsylvania Railway's Eastern system in September, which broke all monthly records. The New York Central system not only reported large increase in net as compared with a year ago, but an increase of $3,500,000 as compared even with 1913. All Eastern roads reporting made a similar showing, and from Chicago came statements that the loadings of railway freight the past week were close to high record for the season.

The question next arises, whether the railways will respond in full to the great improvement in the general trade situation, supplemented on this occasion by the higher passenger and freight rates. This will undoubtedly depend on the nature and scope of the business recovery itself. But it is at least significant that in the great rush this week of export merchandise from ports such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, the trunk-line railways have been confronted with the worst congestion of freight that has existed since the tie-up which occurred in the yards of the Pittsburgh district in the autumn of 1906. One Eastern company actually refused this week to handle any more export business until that on hand had been cleaned up. The dispatches this week from Chicago, the country's transportation centre, reported that, because of the steadily increasing volume of merchandise and miscellaneous freight, as well as grain, all the lines in the West and Southwest were beginning to complain of acute shortage in cars.

There was then, at least, a reasonable prima facie ground of argument for the strength in the railway shares this week—especially when those stocks, although mostly selling well above the year's earlier low prices, have not had a hand in the violent speculation for the rise which converged on the "war industrials." Yet the test of this part of the market will be interesting. If we suppose the trade revival to continue and extend, the railway stocks would be confronted, on the one hand, by the tradition whereby they always reflect increasing business activity and prosperity, but on the other hand, by the overhanging mass of investment holdings which hard-pressed Europe still has on hand to sell. How much is still left in England is difficult to say; but the Stock Exchange testifies that, with every forward movement of prices such as that of the present week, not less than $1,000,000 a day in American investment shares are sold for London in our market.

Perhaps the question of the movement of railway shares will in the long run be determined by the question, whether anything happens to stimulate the imagination of the public. A "car shortage" is something. Increase of weekly or monthly earnings, large enough to attract general attention, would be something more. Resumption or increase of dividends would make the most immediate difference; but the other developments must come first.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Adams, F. R. Molly and I, or The Silver Ring. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Calhoun, D. D. Blue Gingham Folks. Abingdon Press. 75 cents.
Canfield, D. The Bent Twig. Holt. $1.35 net.
Crump, I. Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder. McBride. $1 net.
Daviess, M. T. Over Paradise Ridge. Harper. $1 net.
Farnol, J. Beltane the Smith. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Gilliam, D. T. Dick Devereux. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.35 net.
Ingram, E. M. A Man's Hearth. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Lefevre, E. H. R. Harper. $1.25 net.
Lockhart, C. The Man from the Bitter Roots. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
McCall, S. The Stirrup Latch. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Mackenzie, C. Plashers Mead. Harper. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carmichael, O. H. The Shadow on the Dial. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Converse, F. The Story of Wellesley. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.
Cooper, C. S. American Ideals. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Cureau, A. L. Savage Man in Central Africa. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
Democracy in the Making. Edited by G. W. Coleman. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
French, A., and Hornby, L. G. Old Concord. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Green, L. W. Two American Boys in the War Zone. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Harrington, H. F. Typical Newspaper Stories. Boston: Ginn. $1.60.
Hayes, E. C. Introduction to the Study of Sociology. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Holt, L. H. The Leading English Poets from Chaucer to Browning. Houghton Mifflin.
Hough, E. Out of Doors. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Huebner, S. S. Life Insurance. Appleton. $2 net.
Ker, W. P. Jacob Grimm. Oxford University Press.
Lauriat, C. E. jr. The Lusitania's Last Voyage. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Atkinson, H. A. The Church and the People's Play. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Leete, F. De L. The Church in the City. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Powell, J. W. What Is a Christian? Macmillan. $1 net.
Talmage, J. E. Jesus the Christ. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret News Book Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Foster, W. The English Factories in India. Oxford University Press.
Olivet, F. d'. Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and of the Destiny of the Adamic Race. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Taylor, G. R. Satellite Cities. Appleton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Three Things. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents net.
Archer, W. The Thirteen Days. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Brette, A. Recueil de Documents relatifs à la convocation des Etats Généraux de 1789. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.
Bryce, P. H. The Illumination of Joseph Keeler, Esq. Amer. Journal of Public Health.
Cram, R. A. Heart of Europe. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Ferrero, G. Who Wanted the European War? Oxford University Press. 8d. net.
Fuehr, A. The Neutrality of Belgium. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Grinnell, G. B. The Fighting Cheyennes. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Hannah, I. C. Arms and the Map. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Jones, J. The Fall of Tsing-Tau. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.

The Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort. Edited by G. S. Hellman. 2 vols. Putnam.

TRAVEL.

Chase, Mrs. L. A Vagabond Voyage Through Brittany. Phila.: Lippincott. $2 net.

POETRY.

Cawein, M. The Cup of Comus. New York: The Cameo Press.
Longley, S. Sonnets of Spinsterhood. San Francisco, Cal.: Paul Elder. 75 cents.
Low, B. R. C. The House That Was. Lane. $1.25 net.
Perin, F. H. Sunlit Days. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Select Early English Poems. Part II. The Parliament of the Three Ages. Edited by I. Gollancz. Oxford University Press.
Walsh, T. The Pilgrim Kings. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Hess, H. W. Productive Advertising. Phila.: Lippincott.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Gaffney, T. J. Birds of a Feather. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Gregory, Lady. Seven Short Plays. Putnam.
McSpadden, J. W. Opera Synopses. Crowell. $1 net.
The World's Best Plays Series: The Legacy. The Wager. The Doctor in Spite of Himself. The Third Man. New York: Samuel French, Ltd. 25 cents net each.

ART.

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Maybeck, B. R., and Todd, F. M. Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon. San Francisco, Cal.: Paul Elder. 50 cents.
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Turner, W. Great Schools of Painting. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

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Gerstäcker, F. Der Wilddieb. Introd. by W. R. Myers. Heath.
Miller, E. L. Practical English Education. Book I. Houghton Mifflin.
Schenck's French Verb Forms. Heath.
Townsend, E. J. Functions of a Complex Variable. Holt.
Whitney, W. T. Moral Education: An Experimental Investigation. Boston: Leroy Phillips.
Young and Field Literary Readers. Book VI. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.

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